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FIDE ET FORTITUDINE

Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.

Received, May, 1873.

Not to be taken from the Library!

D. P.

King of France.
Lodwick Duke of Bullaigne.
Mercury Duke of Anjou.
Emanuel Duke of Brabant.
Duke of Ebernoune.
Duke of Medina & Don Hugo — Spaniards.
Frederick alias Ferdinand.
Leontius & Shamount.
Sir Nicholas Curate of Ards.
Villiers a merchant.
Barnaby Bunch, an English tailor.
Jacob van Smelt.
Dillia daughter to the Duke of Brabant
Oriana wife — to the Duke of
Diana daughter — Bullaigne.

Returned here
until Edit. 1600.
Can be had.

Sam Moore

THE WEAKEST goeth to the VVall.

As it hath been ſundry times plaid by the right honourable Earle of Oxenford, *Lord great Chamberlaine of* England *his ſeruants.*

LONDON,
Printed by G. P. for *Richard Hawkins*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Chancery-Lane, neere Sericants Inne. 1618.

153.897
May 1873

Burton

THE VVEAKEST goeth to the Wall.

A dumbe ſhew.

After an Alarum, enter one way the Duke of Burgundie, *another way, the Duke of* Aniou *with his power, they encounter,* Burgundie *is ſlaine. Then enter the Dutches of* Burgundie *with yong* Fredericke *in her hand, who being purſued of the French, leaps into a Riuer, leauing the child vpon the banke, who is preſently found by the Duke of* Brabant, *who cam to aide* Burgundie, *when it was too late.*

Prologue.

THe Duke of *Aniou* fatally inclind
Againſt the familie of *Bullen*, leades
A mightie Armie into *Burgundy*,
Where *Philip*, yonger brother of that houſe,
Was Duke: whoſe power vnequall with his foes,
Receiu'd the foile, and being ſlaine himſelfe,
The ſouldiers afterward purſue his wife:
Shee flying from the Citie, tooke with her,
Her pretie Nephew, *Lodwicks* tender ſonne,
Brought vp and foſtred by his vnkle *Philip*,
And in her flight to ſcape the bloudy hands
Of thoſe that follow'd, leapes into a Riuer,
And there vntimely periſht in the floud.
The little *Fredericke* left vpon the ſhore,
The tardie Duke of *Brabant* all too late,

That came with ſuccour to relieue his friend,
Eſpies, and ignorant of whence he was,
Maintaines and keepes him, till he came to age:
Of him, his fortune, and his fathers woes,
The Scæne enſuing, further ſhall diſcloſe.

Exit.

Enter King of Fraunce, *a noble man bearing his Crowne, and another his hatte, ſtaffe, and Pilgrims gowne, with them conuerſing Duke* Aniou, *and* Lodwicke, *Duke of* Bullen.

King. How long ſhall I entreate? how long, my Lords,
Will you detaine our holy Pilgrimage?
Are not our vowes already regiſtred
Vpon th'vnualued Sepulchre of Chriſt,
And ſhall your malice and inueterate hate,
Like a contrarious tempeſt ſtill diuorce
Our ſoule, and her religious chaſte deſires?
If it be treaſon to attempt by force,
To take from mee this earthly Crowne of mine,
What is it when you ſtudy to depriue
My ſoule of her eternall Dyadem?
Oh did you but regard my iuſt demand,
Or would like ſubiects tender your Kings zeale,
You could nor chooſe but entertaine a peace.
Why frowne you then? why do your ſparkling eyes
Dart mortall arrowes in each others face?
Am I a friend, and can I not perſwade?
Am I a King, and ſhall I not preuaile?
Anion be pacified, and *Bullen* leaue
To feede thy ſwelling ſtomacke with contempt,

Lod. Your grace doth know (with pardon be it ſpoken)
My wrongs are ſuch, as I haue cauſe to frowne,
Nor can you blame me if I loath his ſight
That was the butcher of my brothers life.
In *Burgundy* what ſlaughters did he make?

What

What tyranny left he vnpractiſd there?
Philip ſuppreſt, did not their bloudy hands
Extend to women and reſiſtleſſe babes?
Amongſt the reſt, was not the Dutcheſſe drownd?
And that which drawes continuall flouds of teares
From theſe mine eyes, and dayly doth aſſaile
My feeble heart with neuer-dying griefe,
Miſcarried not young *Fredericke* my ſonne?
Ah, was not he vntimely by their meanes
Cut off, that ſhould haue comforted mine age?
Poore boy, whoſe pitious ſpeaking eye
Might haue beene able to haue turn'd the hearts
Of ſauage Lyons: yet they ſparde him not.

Ki. Ah, ſpeake no more of *Burgundies* diſceaſe,
Nor wake the quiet ſlumber of thy ſonne,
But with the gray decrepit haires of thine
That are expir'd ſince *Fredericke* was intomb'd,
With his deare Aunt amidſt the liquid waues,
Let ſlip the memory of that mishap,
And now forget it, and forgiue it too.

Lod. Although I muſt confeſſe, the leaſt of theſe
Incumbant euils is argument enough
To whet the blunteſt ſtomacke to reuenge:
Yet that your Highneſſe may perceiue my minde
Doth ſauour of mildneſſe and compaſſion,
And that the *Bullen* Duke may ne're bee found
To be a Traitor to his Kings command,
There is my Dagger, and Ile lay my hand
Vnder the foote of *Anion* where he treades,
And I will doe it to deſerue your loue.

Ki. We thanke thee, *Bullen*, for thy kind reſpect,
But he that ſhould be formoſt to ſet ope
The gate of mercy, and let friendſhip in,
Vpon whoſe head redounds the whole reproach
Of all theſe iniuries, ſwolne bigge with ire,

Stands

Stands as an Out-law ſtill vpon defiance.
Mer. I muſt diſſemble, theres no remedie.
K. Looke *Anion* here, and let his ſummers brow
Thawe the hard winter of thy frozen heart.
Mer. Dread ſoueraigne, *Anion* likewiſe doth ſubmit,
And with repentant thoughts for what is paſt,
Reſts humbly at your Maieſties diſpoſe.
K. Then take the Duke of *Bullen* by the hand,
And treading former hatred vnder foote,
Wherewith your houſes haue bene ſtill oppreſt,
Like ſubiects of your King bee reconcil'd.
Mer. There is my hand, *Lodwick*, the hand of him
That thought to haue embrewd it in thy bloud,
But now is made the inſtrument of peace.
Lod. And there is mine, with which I once did vow,
To ſacrifice thy bodie to pale death,
But now I doe imbrace thee as a friend.
They imbrace.
Mer. The like doe I, but to another end,
For *Lewis* no ſooner ſhall depart from hence,
But ſtraight new deedes of michiefe Ile commence.
Ki. This ioyes my ſoule, and more, to let you know
How pleaſing this retrait of peace doth ſeeme,
Till my returne from *Paleſtine* againe,
Be you ioynt-gouernours of this my Realme,
I doe ordaine you both my ſubſtitutes:
And herewith all bequeath into your hands
The keeping of the Crowne: my ſelfe adornd
With theſe abilyments of humble life,
Will forward to performe my promiſt vow.
Lod. The God of heauen be ſtill your Highneſſe guide.
Mer. And helpe to thruſt thy partnerſhip aſide.
Ki. Lodwick, the loue that thou doeſt beare to vs,
And *Mercury*, the allegeance thou doeſt owe,
Now in my abſence both of you will ſhow.
So leauing and relying on your truſt,

I bid farewell, remember to be iuſt.

Exit.

Mer. Brother of *Bullen*: ſo Ile call you now.
For why, this birth of new authority
Will haue it ſo, let me intreat your Grace
That youle excuſe my ſudden haſte from hence,
I haue ſome vrgent cauſe of great affaires,
That call me to the country for a while,
But long it ſhall not be ere I returne.

Lod. At your good pleaſure be it, brother of *Anion*,
Yet let me tell you, that the iealous world
By this our ſeparation will miſ-iudge.

Mer. Not for ſo ſhort a ſpace, on Friday next
I meane God willing to reuiſit you. (time,

Lod. Adiew, my Lord: the ſtrange euents that
In his continuance often brings to paſſe:
Not two houres ſince I would haue ſworne he lyed,
That would haue told me, *Anion* and my ſelfe
Should euer haue beene heard to enterchange
Such friendly conference: but my word is paſt,
And I will keepe my couenant with the King.

Enter two Gentlemen, Petitioners.

1. God ſaue your honour.

2. Health to the Duke of *Bullen*.

Lod. Gentlemen, y'are welcome, come you with newes?
Or haue you ſome Petition to the King?

1. A ſute, my Lord, which ſhould haue beene preferd
Vpon the King himſelfe, but being gone
Vpon his Pilgrimage before we came;
The power now to do vs right remaines
Within your hands: whom as we vnderſtand,
His grace hath made Vice-gerent of the Land.

Lod. What is your ſuite?

2. This paper will vnfold,
If pleaſe you take peruſall of the ſame.

O, I remember now, it is to haue
A Patent ſeald for certaine exhibition
Giuen by his Highneſſe, for your ſeruice done
Againſt the late inuaſion of the Engliſh.

1. True, my good Lord.

Lod. Well, I will doe you any good I can:
But Gentlemen, I muſt be plaine with you,
I am but the halfe part of that authority
Which late you ſpake of: for with me is ioynd
The Duke of *Anion*, equally poſſeſt,
And he euen now departed from the Court.
But when he doth returne, you ſhall be ſure
To be diſpatcht.

1. When he returnes, my Lord?
That will not be, I feare, till angry warre
Hath brought deſtruction on ſome part of *France*.

Lod. How ſay you that? till angry warre hath brought
Deſtruction on ſome part of *France*, why ſo?

2. Becauſe, my Lord, in ſecret he hath leuied
A mighty power, which ſince, as we are told,
Lying not farre from *Paris*, had in charge
As on this day to meete the Duke at *Mullens*.

Lod. A towne neere neighbouring on my territories:
It is euen ſo, this proud diſſembling Duke
Made our reconcilement but a colour
To cloake his treaſon till the King were gone,
And now his hollow and perfidious dealing,
As when the turffe the Adder lurked in
Is ſhorne away, begins to ſhew it ſelfe.
It is at me he aimes, the bloud he dranke
In *Burgundy*, will not allay his thirſt,
Orleance muſt adminiſter a freſh ſupply:
But leſt my wife and daughter, whom I left
Slenderly guarded, fall into his hands,
(Which now is all the comfort I haue left)
Come, Gentlemen, I will diſpatch your ſute,

And

And afterward ride poſt vnto my houſe.

1. We will attend vpon your Excellence.

Exeunt.

Enter Barnabie Bunch, *a Botcher, with a paire of ſheeres, a handbasket with a croſſe bottome of thred, three or foure paire of old ſtockings, pieces of fuſtian and cloth, &c.*

Bunch. Bon iour in French, is good morrow in Engliſh: true, and therewithall good morrow faire, what? maides? no, good morrow faire morning: & yet as faire as it looks, I feare we ſhal haue raine, theſe French fleaes bite ſo fithily. We trauellers are abiect, thats to ſay, order'd to many myſteries and troubles. I *Barnabie Bunch*, the Botcher? now, whilome (that is ſometime) of a better trade: for I was an Ale-draper, as Thames and Tower-wharffe can witneſſe: well, God be with them both: my honorable humour to learne languages and ſee faſhions, has loſt me many a ſtout draught of ſtrong Ale, what at *London*, what at *Graueſend*, where I was borne. This *France* (I confeſſe) is a goodly Countrey, but it breeds no Ale hearbes, good water; thats drinke for a horſe, and de vine blanket, and de vine Couerlet, dat is vine Claret for great out-rich cobs. Wel fare *England*, where the poore may haue a pot of Ale for a penny, freſh Ale, firme Ale, nappie Ale, nippitate Ale, irregular, ſecular Ale, couragious, contagious Ale, alcumiſticall Ale. Well, vp with my ware, and downe to my worke, and on to my ſong, for a merry heart liues long.

He hangs three or foure paire of hoſe vpon a ſticke, and falls to ſowing one hoſe heele and ſings.

King Richards *gone to* Walſingham,

He ſpeakes.

Kate, *is my Gooſe roſted?*

He ſings.

To the holy Land.

He ſpeakes.

I meane my preſſing Iron, wench.

He ſings.

To kill Turke and Saraſen that the truth doe withſtand.

Hee ſpeakes.

Prtthee make it hot, I muſt vſe it.

He ſings.

Chriſt his croſſe be his good ſpeed, Chriſt his foes to quell.

He ſpeakes.

Let it not be red hot, Kate.

He ſings.

Send him helpe in time of need, and to come home well.

O, for one pot of mother *Bunches* Ale, my owne mothers Ale, to waſh my throat this miſtie morning: it would cleare my ſight, comfort my heart, and ſtuffe my veines, that I ſhould not ſmell the ſauour of theſe ſtockings: well fare cleanly Engliſh men yet: theſe French mens feete haue a pockie ſtrong ſent.

Enter two or three Citizens, one after another, with Bags and Plate, and things to hide.

Who be theſe that run ſo fearefully? ha? Citizens by the maſſe, Citizens, that looke as they were skard.

He ſings.

Iohn Dorrie *bought him an ambling Nag to* Paris *for to ride a,*
And happy are they can ſeeke and finde, for they are gone to hide a.

1. How bleſſed is this Botcher that can ſing,
When all the Citie is ſet on ſorrowing?

He ſeekes vp and downe for a place to hide his Plate.

Where ſhall I hide this little that I haue,
Whilſt ſpeedy flight attempt my life to ſaue?

2 O vnexpected ſudden miſery,
More bitter made by our ſecurity:
We vnprouided, and our foes at hand,
The head depres'd how can the body ſtand? *Seeke.*
Where ſhall I ſhroud vnſeene this little pelfe,
Whilſt I by flight aſſay to ſaue my ſelfe?

3 Whom haue we here? my gold will me betray.
Thee muſt I leaue, with life to ſteale away.

He ſeekes.

Thou art my life, then if I liue tis wonder,
When limmes and life are forc'd to part in ſunder.

1. Who's there?
2. A friend: who thou?
1. No enemy, whats he?
3. A Citizen your neighbour, what fellow's that?
1. A Botcher, a poore Engliſh mechanick.
2. What ſhall we doe in this calamity?
1. Hide what we haue, and flie from th'enemy.
3. O how neere is hee?
2. Heele be heere to night.
3. No meane to ſaue our liues but preſent flight.

Bunch. What are theſe thick skind heauy purs'd gorbellied churles mad? what do they feare? to be robd I thinke: O that they would hide their money where I might find it, that ſhould be the firſt language I would learne to ſpeake: though I haue no money, I am as merry as they, and well fare nothing once a yeere; *For early vp and neuer the neere.*

Enter Lodwick.

Lod. O whither flye ye ſilly heartleſſe ſhadowes?
What ſudden feare ſo daunts your courages?
Are ye ſurpriz'd with dread of enemies?
Then arme your ſelues to guard your ſelues and yours:
Let not baſe rumours driue ye from your denne,
As Hares from formes: ſtay, fight, and dye like men.

1. Noble Duke *Lodwick*, what auailes our ſtay,
When all our power cannot defend one part?

Lod. We ſhall haue helpe.

2. From whom?

Lod. From Count *Lauall.*

1. No: he and *Troſthey* are with *Mercury.*

Lod. Yet *Mounſieur Roſſibroune* may come in time.

3. All is but hazzard, we are ſure of none.

Therefore God buy you, my Lord, for Ile ſaue one.

Exit.

2. And I another.

1. And I, if I can.

Exeunt Ambo.

Lod. Are ye all gone? ſtayes there not one man?
Good fellow, what art thou?

Bunch. A corrector of extrauagant hoſe feete.

Lod. Wilt thou abide?
And fight againſt the approaching enemy?

Bunch. Enuie? what enuy?

Lod. The periur'd Duke of *Aniou*, *Mercury*,
That comes to ſack this vnprouided Towne.

Bunch. Is he neere hand?

Lod. I, neerer then I wiſh.

Bunch. O that I had my preſſing Iron out of the fire, and my cleane ſhirt from my Laundreſſe, that I might bid this towne farewel, & bleſſe it with my heeles toward it: fie, fie, downe with my ſtall, vp with my wares, ſhift for my ſelfe.

Lod. So all will leaue me in extremity.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Nuntio. Deare honored Lord, make haſt, to ſaue your ſelfe
The armed troupes of trecherous *Mercury*,
Approach ſo faſt, and in ſuch multitudes,
That ſome of them are ſeene within a league,
And not a man of ours in readineſſe,
Except it be to runne, none to reſiſt.

Lod. Then muſt I runne as faſt as they,
Lodwick till now was neuer runne-away.

Exeunt Lodwick, *and Meſſenger.*

Bunch. If euery body runne, tis time for me to goe: O that my cuſtomers had their ware, and I money for mending them: heres ſudden warres when we ne're thought vpon it. Well, If I had had grace, I might haue tarried at Towre-wharffe, armed with a white Apron, a pot

in

in my left hand, a chalke in my right: what makes this in the Pye? ſixepence ſaid I: fill here hey in the Swanne, by and by, anan, anan, there might I haue eat my fill, and drunke my fill, and ſlept my fil, and al without feare, ſafe as a mouſe in a mill: heere if th'enuy come, will be nothing but kill, kill, kill: and I am ſure to bee in moſt danger, becauſe I am an Engliſhman and a ſtranger, this is the lucke of them that trauell forraine Lands: now one paire of running legges are worth two paire of working hands.

Exit.

Enter Duke Mercury *with Souldiers, Drumme and Enſigne.*

Mer. A plague vpon you: was the Palace watch'd
That he and his haue all eſcaped thus?
O, I could teare my very heart-ſtrings out,
I am ſo ſtung with this indignity.
Will no man bring me word that he is taken?
Night, wert thou any thing, but what thou art,
A thicke darke ſhadow that art onely ſeene,
I would not liue, till thou wert baniſhed.
But let me goe, and now ſhall *Anion* ſhine
More brighter then the burning Lamp of heauen,
Where in the height of the celeſtiall ſignes,
In all his pompe he ſailes along the skies.
Now *France* ſhall ſhake with terror of my name,
Onely my word ſhall be a Parliament,
Enacting Statutes as ſhall bind the world,
Where Maieſty ſhall plead prerogatiue,
In mighty Volumes writing with his hand,
The vncontrol'd decrees of Soueraigntie:
Lodwick expulſed, and King *Francis* gone,
Yet once is *Anion* King of *France* alone.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſen. My Lord.
Mer. Is *Lodwick* taken? raunſome him to me,

And

And take my Dukedome what ſo ere thou bee.

Meſſen. I am a Meſſenger of other newes.

Mer. O but ſalute mine eares with that ſweete ſound,
And in that muſicke be all actions drownd.

Meſ. My Lord: to Armes, to Armes, my Lord of *Anion*,
The power of *Spaine* hath paſt the Pyren hils,
And are already entred into *France*,
Vnder *Hernando*, the great Duke of *Medena*:
The Frontiers lye all blazed with rude warre:
The fields are couered with vnciuill armes
Of ſunburnt Moores, and tawny Affricans (ſpoiles,
Which they haue brought: they skorne to beare their
Their neighing Gennets, armed to the field,
Do yorke and fling, and beate the ſullen ground,
And vncontrold, come looſe abroad in *France*.
Nauarre is ſack'd, and like a mighty floud.
The haughty Spaniard ouerturneth all.
Gather your power, make head againſt the foe:
The diuell driues, tis full time to goe.

Mer. The diuel burſt thoſe balling chops of thine.
Spaine and the plague, and hell and all together,
If the full Tun of vengeance be abroach,
Fill out and ſwill vntill you burſt againe.
Come dogge, come diuell, he that ſcapes beſt,
Let him take all, and ſplit, and rore, and choke
Hooke, ſwords and caps, if hell will ha't thus doe,
Let him liues longſt, wipe the reckoning out,
Sound drumme, away, before our glory dye.
Some ſhall be lowe, that now do looke full hie.

Enter Yacob van Smelt, Lodwick, Oriana, Diana, *and* Bunch.

Yacob. Well my lifekins, ſo ick muſt be you Wert, dat is you hoſt; and you mine gheſſe, to eat met mie, & ſlope met mie, in my huys: well, here bene van you, vier, (foure as you

ſeg

ſeg in Engliſh) twea mannikins, twea tannikins, twea mans, twea womans: ſpeake, wat will you geuen by de dagh? by de weeke? by de mont? by de yeere? all to mall.

Bunch. Sauing your tale, mine hoſt, what is your name?

Yacob. *Yacob van Smelt.*

Bunch, *Smelt?* Lord, many of your name are taken in the Thames, youle not be angry?

Yacob. Angry? niet niet.

Bunch. How? nit? nay then I perceiue I ſhall bee angry firſt: zound, twit me with my trade? I am the fag end of a Tayler; in plaine Engliſh a Botcher: and though my countrey men do call me pricklouſe, yet you Flemiſh Boore ſhal not call me nit; ye baſe Butterbox, ye Smelt, your kinsfolks dwell in the Thames, and are ſold like ſlaues in Cheap-ſide by the hundreth, two pence a quarterne.

Yacob. God peſtilence, beeſt thou frantick?

Lod. Patience my friends, fellow he ſpake no ill.
My gentle hoſt was caſting his account,
To what our weekly charges muſt amount.

Yacob. Yaw, yaw, true, true.

Bunch. True, true? lie, lie: did not you ſay firſt you would mall vs all? and then cald me nit, nit? tis not your big belly, nor your fat bacon, can cary it away, if ye offer vs the boots: what though we be driuen from our owne dwelling? theres moe fitling houſes then yours to hoſt in.

Lod. Well, mine hoſt *Iacob,* though our ſtate be poore,
Yet will we pay you iuſtly our compound:
For me, my wife, and daughter, by the weeke,
For dyet, lodging, and for laundry,
So long as we ſhall hoſt within your houſe,
Fiue Gilders weekely I will anſwere you.

Yacob. Dat is for you, your frow, and your skone daughter, well, wea ſall be tall for dis gack? dis ſhellam?

Bunch. I, ye ſhall find me a tall fellow if ye try me. But what is it ye talke of me?

Lod. He doth demaund who ſhall defray thy charge?

For meate, and drinke, and lodging in his houſe.

Bunch. Neither you nor he, let him take care for a large winding ſheete to wrap his fat guts in: haue not I a trade? yes goodman Smelt, if yee haue any hoſe to heele, breeches to mend, or buttons to ſet on, let me haue your worke.

Yacob. Goots moorkne, beeſt thou a Synder? ſnip, ſnap, met te ſheares.

Bunch. Speake reuerently of Taylers, or Ile haue ye by the eares.

Yacob. Yaw, yaw, tis good honeſt mans occupation, good true mans liuing.

Bunch. I ſir, I liue by it, and neither charge this mans purſe, nor run vpon your ſcore, Ile get me a little hole to put

Yacob. A knaues head in.

Bunch. My head in, and fall to worke here, and in ſtead of parle buon francoys, learne to brawle out butterbox, yaw, yaw, and yawne for beere like a Iacke daw.

Yacob. Heare me eance, Ick heb a cleyue skuttell, a little ſtall by mine huys dore, ſall dat hebben for a skoppe.

Bunch. Hebben, habben quoth a? what ſhall I hebben?

Lod. A place to worke in *Yacob* offers thee.
Harke hither *Bunch.*

He takes him aſide and whiſpers.

Yacob. I Frow, hey comt here:

He takes Oriana *by the hand.*

Yon bene a skone Frow, a ſoot a lieffe: vp miner zeele, dat is, by my ſoule Ick loue you met my heart. And you will loue mee, ſmouch mee, and be my ſecret Vriend, de charle ſall niet knowne, Ick will you gelt geuen, and your man ſall niet betall, niet paid for your logies noe your meat: wat ſeg you?

Oriana. I ſay, mine Hoſt, that you are ill aduiſ'd,
To tempt the honour of a ſtrangers wife:
Conſider, if your fortune were as ours,
In forraine place to reſt ye for a time,

Would

Would you your wife ſhould be allur'd to ſinne?
To breake her vow, and to diſhonur you?

Yacob, Swig, ſwig, peace, Ick ſall an aunder time talke met you.

Yacob *whiſpers with* Oriana.

Lod. No *Bunch*, by no meanes tell from whence we came,
Nor what enforced vs ſeeke a refuge here:
And though my want at inſtant be extreme,
Yet when the heauens ſhall better my eſtate,
Thy ſecrecie will I remunerate.

Bunch. Why what; do ye think of me? a horſleech to ſuck ye? or a trencher-fly to blow ye? or a vermine to ſpoile ye? or a moth to eate through ye? no, I am *Barnaby Bunch*, the Botcher, that ne're ſpent any mans goods but my owne, Ile labour for my meat, worke hard, fare hard, lie hard, for a liuing, Ile not charge ye a penny, Ile keep your counſel. And yee ſhall command mee to ſerue you, your wife, and your daughter in the way of honeſty, like honeſt *Barnabie*.

Lod. Gramercy, honeſt friend.

Oriana. No *Iacob*, no,
Need cannot force, nor flattery intreate.

Yacob. Swig dan, nea meare: come ſall vs in to eate?

Exeunt Yacob, Bunch, Oriana.

Lod. Euen when you pleaſe, mine Hoſt: come daughter
Come, be of good comfort, heauen is where it was:
When fortunes ſtorme awhile our ſtate hath toſt,
A calmer gale may giue what we haue loſt.

Diana. Aſſure ye, ſir, euen as I am your child,
Not diſcontent, but patience makes me milde,
If inward griefe externall ioy ſupplant,
It mones not mine but your vnwonted want.

Lod. Thou ſeeſt how eaſily I endure the ſmart,
Becauſe thy Mother and thy ſelfe beare part:
Come, let vs in, on him that knowes vs beſt
Lets fix our hope, and ſo in patience reſt.

Exeunt.

Enter Hernando *de* Medyna, *and Don* Vgo *de* Cordoua, *with their ſouldiers.*

Her. It ſeemes that the Nobility of *France*
Are all aſleepe, that vnreſiſted, thus
We diue into the entrailes of their Land:
Is there no hauty chiualier, no ſpirit
Heroick, dare ſo much as once demand
Wherefore wee come? or offer vs to fight?
Why then, proceed we as we haue begunne
To take poſſeſſion, not to conquer heere:
What City call you this?

Vgo. *Shamount*, my Lord.

Her. Mount? whither does it mount? Ile make it lie
As leuell as her other fellowes do.
And though her lofty turrets touch the clouds,
Yet will I teach her like an humble handmaid,
To make a lowly curtſie to the ground:
Shamount ſhall ſtoope, *Medyna* ſayes the word.
But who are theſe? Don *Vgo* queſtion them.

Vgo. Of whence are you? ſpeake quckly, leſt my ſword
Preuent your tongues by ſearching of your hearts.

1. Great Prince of *Spaine*, we are th'inhabitants
Of this diſtreſſed City of *Shamount.*

Her. Yet more of Mount? ſhall I be haunted ſtill
With eccho of *Shamount*? how dare you ſlaues
Haue any ſuch proud title in your mouthes?
Shall ſtoupe I ſay, be that your Cities name,
For I will make it ſtoupe before I paſſe.

2. Thou dread Commander of the Spaniſh Force,
If not for our humilitie and prayers,
Yet for theſe preſents which we bring to thee,
(A Cup of gold, and in the ſame containd,
Fiue thouſand Markes) reſpect our naked walles,
Draw not thy ſword againſt our yeelding ſoules,

But paſſing by in peace, let this alone,
(This harmeleſſe Citie mongſt all other ruines)
Stand as a Trophey of thy clemency.
Her. Would you corrupt our valour with your coyne?
Or do you thinke the Spaniard is ſo poore,
A little gold can make him ſell his honour?
No: were your ſtreetes through ſton'd with Dyamonds:
And you ſhould dig them vp to bring them hither:
Or were your houſes in the ſtead of Slate,
Couered with Siluer, and your ſelues prepar'd
To teare it off and giue it vnto vs,
Nay were your walls of pureſt Chryſolyte,
And puld beſide their bounds for our owne vſe,
Yet would we ſcorne all this and ten times more,
For we count honour ſweetneſſe of dominion,
Tis Lordſhip that we come for, and to rule,
More worth then millions: ſtoope and kiſſe our feete:
Bring forth your daughters and your faireſt vviues
To be our Concubines, wait you your ſelues
Vpon our trenchers, and like Stable-groomes,
Rub our horſe heeles, and then perhaps weele yeeld
That you ſhall liue, or ſo, but otherwiſe,
Looke for no pitie at *Medinaes* hand:
And for an inſtance, thus and thus I ſeale *He kils them.*
The couenant of my great comptrolling ſprite,
And now amaine giue onſet to the towne.

Enter Mercurie *and his men.*

Mer. Firſt inſolent *Medyna*, here is one
Will trie thee how thou canſt but end a man,
Before thou lay thy force vnto a wall.
Her. Now by mine honour welcome to the field,
Liues there a Frenchman then dare try with vs?
I thought you had beene Pigmeys all till now,
And durſt not looke a Spaniard in the face,

But now I ſee you are of taller ſhapes,
How euer hearted that is yet vnknowne.
Mer. So hearted, Spaniard, as we are reſolu'd
To plague thee for thy damned cruelty.
Her. Talke then no longer, ſhew your Chiualry.

Alarum, they fight, Mercury *is wounded and put to flight.*

Her. Was this the worthy Champion ſo reſolu'd,
To plague vs as he ſaid? was this the man
France had pickt out, to take her quarrell vp?
No ſurea, truſty wight, when hands ſerue not,
He knowes the way to take him to his heeles:
Yet it is good that we did meete with him,
Be it but for this, to keepe our hands in vre,
And breathe our purſie bodies, which I feare,
Would haue growne ſtiffe for want of exerciſe.
But now no more, enter the City gates,
And therein boldly euery one deuiſe,
How he can Lord it in the French mens eyes.

Exit.

Enter Emanuel, *with* Leontius.

Ema. Could I reſolue my ſelfe ſufficiently,
He ſhould not ſtay one houre in my Court,
But I haue noted in her from her birth,
A ſtrange ennated kind of curteſie,
An affable, inclining lenitie,
With ſuch a virgine meekeneſſe to regard,
As may abuſe a wiſe and grounded cenſure,
In iudging of affection and of honour.
Leon. Pardon me, gracious Lord, I ſpeake it not,
In any ſort to wrong your Princely daughter,
Or to impeach your iudgement any wiſe
In your opinion of the Gentleman,
But as a iuſt and honeſt ſubiect ſhould,

In matters that concerne my truſt ſo much.
Ema. Nor as I am a Prince I thinke thou doeſt,
I haue ſo good aſſurance of thy loue,
Which may I truſt, induce thee to reſolue me,
From what conceit proceeds thy ſtrong ſurmiſe.
Leon. This other day for hunting of the Stagge,
Attending faire *Odillia* to the Forreſt,
When as the hounds had rowſ'd the trembling deare,
And euery man ſpurd hard vnto the cry,
Riding along, a goodly Couert ſide:
The company all ſtraggling heere and there,
Onely the Princeſſe, and young *Ferdinand*,
Curbing their Steeds in with their ſilken reynes,
Into a Groue rode ſecretly together,
Thrice did I ſee him kiſſe her ſnowy hand,
And with three humble Curſies bowd his head,
Downe to the ſtirrop of *Odillia*,
Then did I ſee him whiſper in her eare,
When with her Fanne ſhe wonne the wanton wind,
To coole his face as they rode gently on.
Then came they to a little perling Brooke,
Where as they pauſ'd, as it ſhould ſeeme to heare
The Birds ſweete muſick, to the bubbling ſtreame:
Then did I ſee him lift his eyes towards hers,
Taking her Gloue that lay vpon her lap,
A thouſand times did reuerence to the ſame,
And in his Bauldrick wrapt it choiſly vp,
When as ſhe pluckt a bloomed Lymon braunch,
With her white hand out of her Coronet,
And with her fingers twin'd it in his locke,
And ſmild, and bowd her head into his boſome.
And thus with gentle parlance both together
They paced on vnto the flowry lawne.
Ema. If this be not ſurmiz'd which thou report'ſt,
It ſhould be ſigne of ſome affection.
Leon. Ile not enforce it on your Excellence

By circumſtance: but onely this I ſaw.

Em. Where's *Ferdinando?* ſaw you him of late?

Leon. Lord *Stroſſy*, and your daughter be at Cheſts,
And they ſaw him but euen very now.

Em. Goe call him hither preſently to me.

Leon. I truſt you will not vrge me in the matter.

Em. Go too, I will not.

Exit Leontius.

How now? a villaine that I found by chance,
To court my onely daughter and my heire:
And hauing thus receiu'd him by my fauours,
Will the vile Viper ſting me for my loue?

Enter Frederick, Ferdinando *kneeles.*

Em. Sirrha, come hither, didſt thou neuer heare
How firſt I found thee, being but a child,
Hid in the ſegges faſt by a riuer ſide,
As it ſhould ſeeme of purpoſe to be loſt,
Being ſo young, that thou hadſt not the ſence
To tell thy name, or of what place thou waſt?

Fre. I haue heard your Lordſhip often ſo report it.

Em. Did thy adultrous Parents caſt thee off,
As it ſhould ſeeme, aſhamed of thy birth?
And haue I made a nurſery of my Court
To foſter thee, and growne to what thou art,
Enrich thee with my fauours euery where?
That from the lothſome mud from whence thou cameſt,
Thou art ſo bold out of thy buzzards neſt,
To gaze vpon the ſunne of her perfections?
Is there no beauty that can pleaſe your eye,
But the diuine and ſplendant Excellence
Of my beloued deare *Odillia*?
How dareſt thou but with trembling and with feare
Looke vp toward the heauen of her high grace?
And euen aſtoniſht with the admiration,
Let fall the gaudy plumes of thy proud heart?
Dare any wretch ſo vile and ſo obſcure,

Attempt

Attempt the honour of ſo great a Princeſſe?
Fer. Heare me, my Lord.
Odillia. Nay heare me, Princely father,
For what you ſpeake to him concernes me moſt.
Neuer did he attempt to wrong mine honour,
Nor did his tongue ere vtter yet one accent,
But what a Virgins eare might ſafely heare.
I neuer ſaw him exerciſe himſelfe
In any place where I my ſelfe was preſent,
But with ſuch a gracefull modeſt baſhefulneſſe,
As well beſeemed both his youth and duty.
I neuer ſaw him yet preſume my preſence
But with a low ſubiected reuerence,
A brow as humble as humility:
And when I haue enforced him to ſpeake,
In any thing I had imploid him in:
His words haue beene in ſuch an humble key,
As ſilence would haue told a ſecret in.
But if his ſeruice to me be ſuſpected,
Attending me to helpe me to my horſe,
Or bent my bow when I haue ſhot a Deare,
Diſcourſe of Nations, plaid at Maw and Cheſſe:
Or led me by the arme when I had walk'd,
If this may breed ſuſpition of my loue,
I cannot keepe the tongue of Iealouſie.
Frede. When did I euer but approach the place
Where ſhe hath beene, but kneeling on the earth
As if the ground were holy where ſhe troad?
When was I ſeene to gaze once in her glaſſe,
For feare the Chriſtall wherein ſhe beheld her,
Should tell my diſobedience to her eyes?
When was I ſeene to ſmell but to a flower,
To which the Princeſſe had but ſmelt before,
As farre vnworthy that my ſence ſhould taſte
So rich an odour as had pleaſed hers?
When was I ſeene to looke once in her face,

But as a man beholding of the sunne,
That casts his head downe dazled with his rayes,
I neuer nam'd that name *Odillia*:
But with such worship, and such reuerence,
As to an Angell if he should appeare,
Her haue I lou'd for feare, and fear'd for loue,
For I adore diuine *Odillia*. (rage,
Em. Frederick, thy humble and submissiue car-
Hath satisfied me fully at this time.
And my *Odillia*, tak't not in ill part,
That too much loue breakes out into suspition,
It is the fault of loue *Odillia*,
And hath his pardon as it doth offend:
Then come *Leontius*, you and Ile away,
Go backe, *Odillia*, and attend your play.

Exit

Fre. Madame, you see that iealousie attends
Vpon the houres of our successfull loue,
What is your Princely pleasure with my seruice?
I feare, suspicion but too much espyes,
I see that trees had eares, and bushes eyes.
Odil. Deare *Ferdinand*, prouide then for our flight,
I regard nothing in respect of thee:
Onely be constant, and Ile goe with thee,
In all the wayes that fortune can direct.
Goe get you hence, I will attend my sport,
Much is to do, and time is very short.

Enter Yacob, *and* Lodwick, Yacob hath a *long boord chalked.*

Ya. Come, floux, betall, gelt *Lodwick*, gelt, ware bene de *France* Crowne? de Reix daler? de Anglis skelling? ha? pay pay, betall betall, keck dore *Lodwick*, see de creete de chalke: eane, twea, dree, vier guildern for brant weene: sixtick guildern for rost for de eat: zeuen guildern for speck, case, bouter and bankeate: keck, looke in dye burse

betall, ſhellam betall, Ick mought gelt heb, come, pay.

Lod. My gentle hoſt, haue patience but a while,
I will endeuour to come out of debt,
As ſpeedily as God ſhall giue me meanes,
Forbearing neither leſſens nor acquites
One groat of duety, onely your good minde
Shall be approu'd for reſpiting a time.

Yacob. Reſpit? reſt diuell, godts curſe, my gelt Ick can niet forbeare, niet ſuffer, niet ſpare mine gelt, a dowſand diuells, Ick mought de Brewer, de Baker, de Butcher betall, ſo heb ye niet gelt, giue me a pawne, eane gage: oh haere dat his Frow mought met my blieuen for de debt.

Lod. *Yacob*, alas, thou ſeeſt what wealth I haue,
Apparell, Iewels, Plate, and gold I lacke,
Fortune hath wrackt me on extremity,
For all my riches are within thy houſe.
My vertuous wife and daughter are my treaſure,
Which aboue all worlds wealth beſide I meaſure.

Yacob. Godts Sacrament, harma charle begger a wench, loupe dye ſelue, ye ſall niet ſlape eane nought mare in mine huys, geue me dy Frow and dy Meskyn, wyeffe and doughter to pledge for my gelt, for Ick weat well, dow wilt redeeme and ranſome dem twea: loupe doo ſhellam and nempt de gelt and coine, here and buy out dy wife and kinde, dy skone daughter.

Lod. Alas, what comfort is there left for me,
If thoſe deare Iewels be impaund to thee?
My wife and daughter? *Iacob*, change thy mind,
Deuide vs not, O be not ſo vnkind.

Yacob. Godts hannykin, vnkind? But Boore geue mee gelt or pawne, or Ick ſall dee in de vanga port ſtaruen.

Lod. No remedie? well, call my wife and daughter,

If they conſent to be ingag'd to thee,
Ile leaue them, elſe, thou ſhalt impriſon me.

Yacob. Ha, godks toſtie, mought Ick de skone Frow his wieff here hold, Ick begare niet coſt, niet ziluer, niet gold.

Enter Oriana, Diana *and* Bunch.

Dore ſhe comen, dore, dore, all ſo clare wyet and zoole, as de zunne, wellicome zoota, lieff, hey courage mine wan, alls ge done.

Lodwick *lookes ſadly*, Yacob *merrily*.

Oriana. What Planets oppoſition haue we heere,
That makes a ſtorme in ſunſhine, heate in froſt?
The heauens are clouded, droſſie earth is cleare,
My husband frownes, but frolicke is mine hoſt,
O fire and Ice, O feare and doubt together,
What enuious ſtarre directs my comming hither?

Lod. No heauier ſtarre nor more maleuolent
Needs *Lodwick*, then this Flemmiſh excrement.
Deare *Oriana*, thou doſt know our ſtate
Caſt downe, ſpurnd, skornd by fortune, and by fate,
Yet neuer griefe ſo neerely galls my heart,
As when I thinke that thou and I muſt part.

Ori. Why muſt we part?

Lod. Aske *Iacob*, he can tell.

Ya. Well meyſter, well yffrow, Ick mought de gelt heb, ye man hebt niet to betall, he ſall niet langer in my huys blieuen, keck ſee dore de skore, Ick wil him truſt nea mare. Ick mought eane gage, eane pawnd heb dat muſt you ſelua bene, and you skone daughter by godth moorky he ſall to priſon to de vanga port els.

Lod. Well, then I muſt perſwade her patience,
To be thy pawne, thy priſoner in mine abſence.

Bunch. What? how, pawne? how, priſoner? for what? for the skore? a pox on that chalke, its an eaſier matter to chalk a pound, then to get a penny to pay it: you ſhall not goe, nor ſhee ſhall not lie to gage for a little money: let me ſee

how

how much is it? what be theſe Guilders?

Lodwick *whiſpers with Oriana and Diana.*

Yacob. Yaw eleck eane a Guilder.

Bunch. Fiftie, and foure, and ſeuen, is fiue and fortie maſſe I haue but twenty Stiuers toward it, thats all I haue ſau'd ſince I came here to *Newkerk*. This *Flaunders* is too thrifty a country, for here the women will heele their huſbands hoſe themſelues: faith if your skore had beene but a ſcore of Stiuers, I meant I would haue paid it, cleard the chalke cleane.

Yacob. Swegen and drinkin *Bunch*, de skone Frow and ſe daughter ſall be mien pawne, mien gage, me de Frow, dow de Meskyn.

Bunch. Ha, ſay you ſo? no Butterbox, Ile ſet a ſpoake in your cart: heare ye? this foule fat Smelt tels me, that hee has ſmelt out a ſmocke-commoditie for a pawne, that is, to haue your wife and daughter to gage: if ye be wiſe, make your bargaine that hee doo not vſe your pawne, for though it will not be much the worſe for the wearing, yet it is pitty it ſhould be ſlubbered by ſuch a cullion as *Iacob Smelt.*

Lod. Prithee be quiet, *Iacob*, I will leaue
My deareſt, moſt vnvallued Iewels heere:
Entreate them well as thou wilt anſwere me
At my returne, euen with thy deareſt bloud,
If they miſcarry in thy cuſtody.
Friend *Bunch*, farewell, be kind vnto theſe twaine,
And if I liue, Ile recompence thy paine.

Bunch. Faith as kind as Cockburne, Ile breake my heart to do them good. But whither will you goe?

Lod. I know not yet, where fortune ſhall direct:
Leaue vs a while to take a ſad farewell:
That done, I part, and they ſhall ſtay with you.

Yacob. Well, well, bah mien skone frieſter, mien lieff, dow ſall met mie blieuen, and di mannykin a weigh lope, heigh louſtick.

Bunch. Gep, wihi, ſee how the ſlouenly Smelt leapes: I thinke you could be content to be rid of this beere flye, this bacon-fac'd buttericbox awhile.

Lod. Indeed I could.

Bunch. Indeed and you ſhall. *Yacob*, I haue newes for ye, paſſing profitable pleaſurable newes: theres a tunne of Engliſh ſtark beere, new come to *Newkerk* this day, at two Stiuers a ſtope, come, Ile giue thee a ſtope or two.

Yacob. Gramercies *Bunch*, braue *Bunch*, mien lieuer brooer, Anglis beere? oh heare toſti godts towſand aweigh gane?

Bunch. Goe, well parting in a morning is paſt remedy at midnight. God be with ye ſir, I could weepe, but my teares will not pleaſure ye, if I ſee ye no more till I ſee ye agen, god ha ye in his kitchen. As for you two, I ſhal ſee you left in pledge, til I haue drunke to you, and you pledg'd me, twenty times: once more adiew.

Exeunt Yacob *and* Bunch.

Lod. Ah beaſtly brutall, baſer then the dung,
That haſt no touch nor feeling of my want,
That ſuch a drunken greaſie ſlaue diſcards:
Ah *Oriana*, neuer till this houre
Did I confeſſe my want or miſerie,
For but of thee, and my poore ſweete *Diana*,
I neuer made account that ought was mine,
But poorer now then pouerty it ſelfe,
Of all I had you onely were the beſt,
Now muſt I too forgoe you with the reſt.

Ori. Ah muſt we part? why whither wilt thou goe?
Ah, my deare Lord, yet whil'ſt we liu'd together,
With what content haue we endur'd our woe?
Now like a ſea-toſt Nauie in a ſtorme,
Muſt we be ſeuer'd vnto diuers ſhores?
O that the pooreſt beggers that do breathe,
Should yet haue that which is deni'd to vs,
But to haue partners in their miſerie!

Diana. Good

Dia. Good father, ſince our fortune is to beg,
Let me become the bagger for you both;
What ſhall become of me, if you do leaue me?
Many will giue me bread if I doe aske,
But there is none that can giue me a Father.

Lod. Ah my poore wench, if I ſhould ſtay with you,
This gripple miſer, this vnciuill wretch,
Will for this little that I am indebted,
Vnchriſtianly impriſon you and me,
Where we ſhall ſurely periſh then for want.
But I will croſſe the narrow ſeas for *England*
To London: where ere long, I make no doubt,
To get ſo much, as ſhall redeeme you hence,
And ſhall redeeme this poore eſtate of ours,
Till fairer fortune hap to ſhew her head.

Oria. Farewell, farewell; now all my ioy doth goe,
Goe you alone, while we alone with woe.

Dia. Farewell, deare father.

Lod. My ſweete girle adiew,
He bleſſe vs all that keepes both me and you.

Exit Lodwick.

Enter Yacob *and* Bunch, *to* Oriana *and* Diana.

Ya. Com't here *Bunch*, dow beeſt eane right ſhapt charle: O de ſtark Anglis beere; whore zijne, whoare zijne dieſfrow and de skone daughter? keck dore *Bunch*, nempt de me kyn, Ick ſall de moore hebben: come *Oriana*, ou beene miene gage vor gelt, mijen liuer loue, mijen zooterkyn.

Bunch. Your ſooterkyn? your drunken skin, miſtreſſe, how do ye? is your husband gone? why, be of good cheere, heres a bunch of botchers left to comfort ye, take all in my purſe, ſpend all that I get, and command my worke to helpe ye out of debt.

Ori. Thankes gentle friend, but how ſhall I requite it?

Bunch. Tuſh, talke not of quittance, Ile liue by a pittance, vnline my purſe and vſe my perſon, and for my limmes take the beſt in the bunch.

Ya. Godts

Yacob. Godts ſacramente *Bunch*, ſwig, ſwig, come yffrow dye man is away gane, lat ource be frolicke, luſtick, heigh ſpeell, zing and daunce. *Ick loue myne Liuerkin heye, Ick baſſe myne zotta lieffe ho: ick mot niet ſlape, niet drenk zane* ſtopemedoont mijne lolickaa froe, hey luſtick.

Dia. Wilt pleaſe you, mother, leaue this barbarous beaſt, And take you to your chamber?

Oria. I, my child.

Be going out.

Bunch. Ile tell thee Smelt, thou ſhouldſt be a Codshead thou art ſo rude: I am of the houſe of the Bunches, a bunch of keyes will gingle, a bunch of laths will ring, a bunch rootes are windie meate, and a bunch of garlick will make ye ſweate, yet I keepe no ſtirre.

Yacob. Shellam ick be gare niet dyffroes bene gan.

Bunch. Then let vs follow, wee ſhall ouertake them anon.

Enter Lodwick *fainting.*

Lod. Imperious fortune, when thou doſt begin
To ſhew thine anger, how implacable
And how remorceleſſe are thy bitter checks?
To loſſe of honour, danger of my life:
To the endangring of my life, thou addeſt
A ſeparation twixt my wife and me:
To that, baſe pouertie: to that contempt:
And now thou tak'ſt from me my ſtrength of limmes,
Infeebling me for lack of ſuſtenance.
All this thou giu'ſt me of thine owne accord.
One thing let me intreate thee to reſtore,
Which with my teares I beg, though thou would'ſt ſend
Death to fill vp the meaſure of thy ſpight:
That it may be ſufficient thou haſt forc't
My heart to ſigh, my hands to beate my breſt,
My feete to trauell, and my eyes to weepe.
I nioyne not now my tongue to aske an almes:
But thou art deafe, and I muſt either begge,

Or ſtarue for foode to comfort me withall,
And lo, in happy time here commeth one,

Enter Sir Nicholas, *reading very earneſtly on a Letter.*

Where I may make a tryall of my skill,
A man it ſeemes belonging to the Church,
I haue ſome knowledge in the Latine tongue,
Perhaps for that heele ſooner pity me.
Siſte greſſus queſo reuerende Pater,
Et oculos flecte tuos in miſerum.
Reſpice ſpretum, reſpice precor egenum.
Sir Ni. Whats this?
Lod. Oh miſerere paupertatis meæ,
Reſpice ſpretum, reſpice precor egenum.
Sir Ni. It ſeemes that thou art needy, and wouldſt beg
An almes of me, is that thy meaning, ſpeake?
Lod. Ita domine ita, nam vehementer.
Sir Ni. Tut, a figges end, vehementer quotha?
Theres a word indeede to begge withall:
It is enough to bring thee to the ſtocks.
This is no Vniuerſitie, nor Schoole,
But a poore Village: and I promiſe thee,
I neuer could abide this Romiſh tongue.
Tis harſh, tis harſh, and we I tell thee true,
Do eate and drinke in our plaine mother phraſe:
If thou doeſt want, and wouldſt haue part with vs,
Then do as we do, like an honeſt man,
Shew thy true meaning in familiar tearmes.
Lod. I am, good ſir, if pleaſe you, much diſtreſt,
Hauing no money, friends, nor meate to eate:
If it may ſtand with your humanitie
To giue me ſome reliefe, Ile pray for you,
And whilſt I liue, be thankfull for the ſame.
Sir Ni. Why ſo, now I vnderſtand thy meaning,
Is not this better farre then reſpice.

And precor, and ſuch Inkehorne tearmes,
As are intolerable in a Common-wealth?
Coniurers do vſe them, and thou know'ſt
That they are held flat Fellons by the Law.
Be ſure thou mightſt haue beg'd till thou were hoarſe,
And talk't vntill thy tongue had had the crampe,
Before thou wouldſt haue beene regarded once.
It is not good to be phantaſticall,
Or ſcrupulous in ſuch a caſe as this.
But to the purpoſe, thou art poore, thou ſay'ſt?
Lod. Exceeding poore, poorer then *Irus*,
He did enioy the quiet of the minde,
Although his body were expos'd to want:
But I in body and in mind am vext.
Sir Ni. I feare, by keeping riotous company,
Or ſome ſuch miſdemeanour.
Lod. Then I wiſh,
That God may turne your heart from pitying me.
Sir Ni. Well, thou ſayſt well, thou haſt an honeſt face,
And art beſide, a pretty handſome fellow:
Me thinkes thou couldſt not want a ſeruice long,
If thou wouldſt be contented to take paines.
Lod. O ſir, the world is growne ſo full of doubts,
Or rather ſo confounded with ſelfe-loue,
As if a poore man beg, they ſtraight condemne him,
And ſay, he is an idle Vagabond:
Or if he aske a ſeruice, or to worke,
They ſtraightway are ſuſpicious of his truth:
So that howeuer, they will finde excuſe,
That he ſhall ſtill continue miſerable.
And tis as common as tis true withall,
The weakeſt euer goe vnto the wall.
Sir Ni. By my faith thou ſaiſt true, the more is the pity.
Lod. But if you will vouchſafe, becauſe my ſtate
Is very bare, and I am heere vnknowne,
To be a meanes to helpe me to ſome place,

Where

Where I may ſerue: my paines I doe not doubt,
Shall proue my pouerty no counterfeit.
Sir Ni. Faith I muſt tell thee, I haue little coine,
My Benefice doth bring me in no more
But what will hold bare buckle and thong together,
And now and then to play a game at bowles,
Or drinke a pot of Ale amongſt good fellowes:
And for my Pariſhioners, they are husbandmen,
Nor do I know any that lacks a ſeruant.
But this, the Sexton of our Church is dead,
And we do lacke an honeſt painefull man,
Can make a graue, and keepe our Clock in frame,
And now and then to toule a paſſing bell:
If thou art willing ſo to be imploid,
I can befriend thee.
Lod. Oh, with all my heart,
And thinke me trebble happy by the Office.
Sir Ni. Thy wages is not great, not much aboue
Two Crownes a quarter, but thy vailes will helpe,
As firſt, the making of a grau's a groate.
Then ringing of the bell at euery buriall,
Two pence a knell: which likewiſe is a groate,
And now and then the maſters of our Pariſh,
(As good man Flaile, and Bartholmew Pitchforke)
Will bid thee home to dine and ſup with them.
Beſide, thou haſt a houſe to dwell in rentfree:
And for the liking that I haue in thee,
Thou ſhalt be ſomewhat better too for mee:
The graſing of a Pig within the Churchyard,
Or when I gather vp my Tithes, an egge,
A goods hogs pudding, or a piece of ſouſe,
What man, t'is good fare in a country houſe.
Come follow me, Ile ſee thee plac't forthwith.
Lod. I thanke you ſir, when all things run awry,
True labour muſt not be thought ſlauery.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Frederick *and* Odillia.

Fre. If you be able to endure the way
Till we haue paſſed *Brabant*, we will on:
But Madam, if you hardly brooke your trauell,
Wee'le take the right hand way into the Forreſt,
Where we will ſhrowd vs ſecretly till night.

Odillia. Let vs not ſtay neere to my fathers Court,
Not for a world I would not hazzard thee,
No world could ſaue, if taken thou ſhouldſt bee.
Me thinkes tis long before the ſunne ariſe.

Fer. Ah it is long, *Odillia*, of thine eyes,
Who ſlumbring ſtill, imagines it is night,
And that the ſhining is his ſiſters light.

Odil. No, tis the Moone, ſweete *Ferdinand*, I ſee,
Keepes backe her brother ſtill to looke on thee.

Fer. I maruell not poore light if ſhe decline,
When my *Odillia* doth ſo early ſhine.

Odil. Come, come, ſweete loue, O I am full of feare,
Bee I the Moone, thine arme muſt be my ſpheare.

Fer. O were I heauen, thou euer ſhouldſt ſhine there.

Exeunt.

Enter Emanuel *and* Shamount.

Ema. O miſery, why didſt thou baite my fall
With theſe diſcending ſhadowes of my good?

Sha. My Lord, ne're ſtand vpon theſe vaine exclaimes,
But by purſuite, ſeeke to redreſſe your wrongs,
Tis ſpeedy expedition muſt recouer,
What light beleefe, and ouerſight hath loſt.

Ema. Horſes I ſay, let horſes be ſent forth,
No Chriſtian Prince that treads on *Europes* mold,
I thinke, that will ſo farre ingage his honour,
As entertaine this damned fugitiue.
Horſes I ſay, ſpurre, ſpurre, through euery coaſt,
Put on the wings of ſpeedy expedition,
In the purſuite of my *Odillia*:

Deaffen

Deaffen the very ayre with your exclaimes,
And fill each Prouince with the ceaſleſſe brute,
Ring out this famous wrong in your purſuite.
Sha. Come, come, my Lord, inceſſant ſpeed muſt poſt,
Words cannot get what you haue vainely loſt.
Enter Yacob, Oriana, *and* Diana.
Ya. Oh here Godt, mijne lifekin, whare will ye from mee ganne?
Ori. Farewell mine hoſt, we are for England bound,
Out of your debt: for you are ſatiſfied.
Ya. Yaw, yaw, ye heb well betald.
Oria. So leaue I you to ſeeke my husband out,
Whom your vnciuill vſage forced hence,
Your imperfections (*Yacob*) are extreme.
Exceſſe in dyet, kindled fire of luſt,
The ſmoake whereof vnkindly chaſt away
My louing husband, whom I muſt purſue.
We owe ye nothing, not ſo much as loue,
Since for your luſt you haue abuſ'd vs all,
We haue not ſalne, though want did wraſtle hard:
Our fingers ends our honours haue ſuſtaind,
Flaunders farewell, yrkſome without my Lord,
And *Newkerke* for his ſake be thou abhord.
Ya. Hore ye well yffrow? ken you ware to find you man?
Ori. I truſt at London.
Dia. Mother, pleaſe you goe?
The ayr's infected where this glutton breathes,
That makes vs Pilgrimes without deuotion.
Amend thy manners, or let all refuſe
To hoſt with thee, that wouldſt thy gueſts abuſe.
Exit Oriana, *and* Diana: *manet* Yacob.
Ya. Adiew skone meskin, adiew zoot frow,
Ick will mijne ſelue ſtrauen vp de galligo bobbintow,
Ick ſall be dode ſlone met dis meager loue.
Enter Bunch.
Sweg *Yacob*, ſweg, here comt *Bunch* dat boue.

Bunch. Now mine hoſt rob pot, empty kan, Beere ſucker, Gudgen, Smelt I ſhould ſay, haue the women paid ye?

Yacob. Yaw, yaw, all to mall.

Bunch. All to mall, drunken Cannyball, and where be they, I pray ye?

Yacob. A *Bunch*, *Bunch*, deye bene aweigh lop't,
Deye will niet langer met mije blieuen.

Bunch. Blieuen ye blockhead? no, thou art ſuch a drunken Goate, that the diuell will not dwell with thee, except he be in thy coate.
And whither are they gone, Beere-Barrell?

Yacob. Ick weat not, for *Englant*, for *Loundres* they ſegt.

Bunch. How? for *England*? for *London*?
O Saint Katherns Docke,
And leaue me behinde them?

Bunch. Doeſt thou not mocke?

Yacob. Niet for ware.

Bunch. For *Ware* drunkard? thou ſaidſt for *London* euen now.

Yacob. Yaw for *Loundres*, tis ware, tis true.

Bunch. Then gentle ſwilboule, Ile bid *Flaunders* adieu. O pittileſſe parcels of womans fleſh, that knew *London* is my Country, and for all my good will, would not call mee to their Company! Well, *Bunch* will not ban them, nor yet follow them, nor yet tarry heere: but take vp my tooles, my preſſing Iron and Sheeres, my Needle and Thimble, and backe againe for *France*, to learne more wee, and wee daw, and ſo farewell *Yacob* with your great maw.
Adieu mine hoſt lick-ſpigot, at the ſigne of the ſlipper,
When you meet with the Cat, for my ſake whip her. (leuen,

Ya. Ha *Bunch*, mijen hart is gebroke, ick mought niet lang
Come met mey, at parting, ick ſall de twea ſtopes van Bere (geuen:

Exeunt.

Enter Ferd. *and* Odillia.

Ferdi. Thus farre (ſweete Lady) ſafely are we ſcap't,

And

And hardly ſhall they ouertake vs now,
Though euery way purſuite do follow vs.
Be cheerefull then, *Odillia*, Loue is guide,
Who ſweares that fortune ſhall vs not deuide.
Odillia. Deare *Ferdinand*, I neither feare nor doubt,
Perill is but a Bugbeare for a childe,
My heart is firme, and fortified with loue,
Witneſſe this deſperate tender of mine honour
Into thy hands, which thou haſt yet preſeru'd.
Fer. And will preſerue it whilſt I draw this breath,
And bring it ſacred to our nuptiall bed.
Odil. Then *Ferdinand*, belike ye meane to wed?
Fer. Meane not you ſo?
Odil. Yes, but with whom?
Fer. Madame, I truſt with me.
Odil. Well maiſt thou truſt, Ile marry none but thee.
I know thy bringing vp, though not thy birth,
Thou art deriu'd from *Adam*, form'd of earth:
From that firſt Parent all deſcended are,
Then who begat or bare thee that's not my care.
Thou ſtol'ſt my heart, I ſtole with thee thus farre,
Loue wrought our ioy, lack ſhall not make vs iarre.
Fer. O happy accents of a heauenly tongue!
Odil. Let's iourney on, we tarry heere too long.

Enter Bunch.

Alas, who is this?
Bunch. Faith one that will do ye no wrong.
Fer. Peazantt, hou canſt not.
Bun. No ſir, ye are deceiu'd, I am no Peazant, I am *Bunch* the Botcher: Peazants be Plowmen, I am an Artificiall.
Odil. Simple and pleaſant this poore fellow ſeemes:
Queſtion him further, *Ferdinand.*
Fer. I will: My friend, where are we?
Bunch. Cannot you tell?
Ferdi. No,

Bunch.

Bunch. Then ye ha no wit, are not we heere, I pray you?
Fer. We are heere indeede, but ſay, what countrey's this?
Bunch. Nay, ye asked me not that before,
Nor I cannot tell ye it now.
Odillia. Whither go you, my friend?
Bunch. Tis true indeede, your friend, and *Barnaby Bunch*,
I am going to *France*.
Fer. And can ye ſpeake French?
Bunch. I would be ſorry els.

Enter Lodwick *like a Sexton.*

Fer. *D'ou veni vou?*
Bunch. I neuer learnd ſo farre: I cannot tell ye that, I am but a ſtranger in the country: here comes one perchance can tell ye.
Fer. I pray you ſir, what territorie's this?
Lod. Part of the baſe country of *France* it is?
The Village name is *Ards* in *Picardy*.
Fer. What entertainment can the town afford
To trauellers?
Lod. Too meane for ſuch as you.
Fer. Inhabite you this Village?
Lod. I forſooth.
Why gazeſt thou vpon me ſo, my friend?
Bunch. By *Iacobs* Staffe, and *Iumballs* Fiddle,
Becauſe Ile ſpoſe ye with a Riddle.
Two hees, two ſhees, by night fled tuch,
And light vpon a hannykin Dutch.
Yacob builded a new kerke,
And with his chaulk writ ſuch a quirke,
That wife and child were left alone,
The skore is paid, and they are gone.
Lod. Let this alone, friend, till another time,
My skill is ſmall in Riddles or in Rime,
Be ſilent, *Bunch*, till we be rid of theſe.

Cloſe aſide to Bunch.

Fer. You ſeeme a man belonging to the Church.

And we haue Church-worke to be finiſhed:
In plaineſt tearmes we would be married,
Accompliſh our deſire for recompence.
Lod. I bluſh not at my calling, Gentleman,
The Sextens place of *Ards* I now profeſſe,
If that faire damſell do conſent with you,
Ile call the Vicar to conioyne ye ſtraight.
Odil. Call him, good friend, for my conſent is paſt.
Bun. Nay but call him quickly, for ye ſee ſhees in haſte.
Lod. Maſter, Sir *Nicholas*, heer's a commodity,
A marriage that muſt quickly be diſpatch'd.

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Nic. Gramercy Sexten, this was featly watch'd,
Welcome, freſh Gallants, to the towne of *Ards*.
A pretty couple, youthfull as the ſpring, ſweete as is May
morning, do you deſire to be knit together?
Ferde. In holy marriage (Sir) would we be ioynd.
Nich. In holy wedlock, Gentiles, ſo I meane,
Ye are in the ſtate of grace, Twinnes in affection,
Turtles in true loue, I know ye haue no Licence,
And tis no matter; holy Matrimony ſhall paſſe my liberti-
Wthout examining; youle pay me?
Ferd. I.
Nich. Come, Ile glue you together by and by,
To the lawfull bed, to the lawfull bed:
Fie on this Fornication, this laſciuious luſt,
And yet the fleſh prickes my holy ſelfe now and then:
Come follow me, Ile call ſome more witneſſe,
And clap it vp preſently.

Ex. Ferdinand, Odillia, *and* Nicholas. Manent
Lod. *and* Bunch, *who haue whiſpered.*

Lod. But are my wife and daughter gone indeed

For *London*? and haue paide the debt we ought?
Bunch. Be my ſheeres, (and thats a ſhauing oath)
They are gone for London, they haue paide *Yacob*:
But they ſhall loſe their labour,
Becauſe you are not in *England*.
Lod. But I will ſend, or I wil ſoone be there,
I muſt not liue deuided from my ioy,
Bunch. And yet I think you liue well
By this Science of Sextenſhip:
Lord, do not you pray that the Pip may catch the people,
that you may earne many groates for making graues?
Your Churchwardens finde bel-ropes,
And you hands to ſhake them.
Lod. Th'art a mad fellow, but how knew'ſt thou me
In this diſguiſe?
Bunch. Tut well ynough: But harke the Vicar calls,
Lod. Come *Bunch*, weell find more time to talke annon.
Exeunt.

Enter Hernando, Don Hugo *and* Mercury *diſguiſde, in priuate conference with* Hernando, *with Souldiers*.

Her. I like thy words, and though I recke not much
The death of any priuate man in *France*,
Becauſe in multitudes conſiſts our glory:
Yet to make knowne how we cheriſh ſuch
As will in any ſort reuolt to vs,
Kill *Epernoune* as thou haſt vndertane,
And thy reward ſhall be a tunne of gold.
Mer. *Hernando* I will doe it, not ſo much
For money, as For zeale I beare to *Spaine*,
Though I confeſſe the principall reaſon
That vrgeth me being a Frenchman borne,
So to forget the loue my Country claimes,

Thy

Is the vnſufferable wrongs I beare,
The wrongs that *Epernoune* hath done to mee,
And in that point I hold it no diſgrace
To malice him, that firſt diſhonour'd me.
Her. Why true, thy reaſon is ſubſtantiall.
For ſay a Father do forget to ſhewe
The loue by nature he doth owe his ſonne,
In my opinion tis no ſinne at all,
If ſuch a ſonne caſt off the awfull dutie
Which to his father otherwiſe were due.
In all things iuſt proportion muſt be kept.
If the king care not for the Common-wealth,
Why ſhould the Common-wealth reſpect the king?
But to the purpoſe: how wilt thou contriue
The manner of his death?
Mer. Why as I told your grace
In this daies parley twixt the French and you,
Whilſt you are buſie, Ile inſert my ſelfe
Amongſt the ſouldiers of that aged Earle,
And gathering neere his perſon, ſuddenly
Thus ſend my poyniard to his hatefull breſt.

Stay his arme.

Hugo What didſt thou meane to wound our Generall?
Her. Silence *Don Vgo* no ſuch matter man,
He is a villaine, and weele vſe him ſo.
Mer. I am indifferent, had I ſpilt his blood,
It was my comming: but preuented thus;
Now *Epernoune* ſhall be the marke I aime at;
For one I vow, though to haue ſlaine them both
Had beene exceeding good: how now my Lord?
Miſconſter not, I meant your grace no hurt,
Though mine inkindled fury when I thought
Of *Epernoune*, made me draw forth my poinyard,
It was to ſhew how reſolute I am.
Her. I know it was, ſound we parley then,

That *Epernoune* may know we are in place,
Where conference was appointed to be had,
And as they march, fall thou in ring with them.

Enter Epernoune *carried in his Chaire, and ſouldiers marching.*

Now Cripple, what your legs refuſe to doe,
I know your hands will preſently performe.
I meane, deliuer me the Crowne of *France.*

Eper. Raiſe me a little, fellowes, in my chaire.
Hernando, what ſaidſt thou? deliuer thee
The Crown of *France?* why, ſtraggling Spaniard
What makes thee ouerweene thy valour ſo?
Thinkſt thou, becauſe I ſeeme a withered tree,
That I am ſapleſſe quite? no, Duke, there liues
Within this riueld flint, ſome ſparkes of fire,
Which if thou touch, will flie into thy face.
Nor doe not thou contemne me for mine age.
This eye is not ſo dimme, but I perceiue
The markes of arrogance vpon thy browe:
I, and for frowne I can returne thee frowne.
What, glory not ſo much vpon thy ſtrength,
The day hath been, this body which thou ſeeſt
Now falling to the earth, but for theſe props,
Hath made as tall a ſouldier as your ſelfe
Totter within his ſaddle: and this hand
Now ſhaking with the palſie, caske the beuer
Of my proud Foe, vntill he did forget
What ground hee ſtood vpon: go too, go too,
The Crowne of *France* deliuered to thy hand?
Good King how is thy dignitie blaſphemde?
But do thy worſt, I am his Subſtitute,
And though I cannot ſtrike, yet with a becke
Can I raiſe vp more fiſts about thine eares,
Than thou haſt haires vpon thy tawny ſcalpe.

Her.

Her. Am I reuilde and baſled to my face,
And by a Dotard? one but for his tongue,
In whom there is no difference twixt himſelfe,
A meere Anatomie, a Iack of Lent,
And the pale Image of a bloudleſſe ghoſt?
Yet doth he looke as big as *Hercules*, (der.
And would be thought to haue a voyce like thun-
Well, *Epernoune*, there is a priuiledge (check.
That babes may ſpeake their pleaſure without
Elſe quickly ſhould my ſword breake off this parly,
And with a fillip ſend thee to thy graue.

Eper. Calleſt a me back? it neuer ſhall be ſaid,
But *Epernoune* will ſhew himſelfe a man,
And while the breath is in his noſtrils, proue
A reall ſubſtance, and maintaine the right
Of *Lewis* of *France*, euen by the dint of ſword:
Lend me your hands, Ilē challenge him the fight.
Twit me with babe? lend me your hands, I ſay.

1. *Sol.* Ah good my Lord, preſume not, you are

Eper. Weake, knaue? thou lieſt. (weake.

Her. Get him a ſtanding ſtoole,
And then perhaps the child will learne to goe.

Eper. Yet child againe? alack it will not be,
My heart is good inough, but tyrant age
Benummes thoſe inſtruments with which my heart
Should execute the office of a Knight.
Medina, thou maiſt thanke the rigorous hands
Of ſtrength-decaying age: theſe legges of mine,
Had they not proued rebels to my minde,
Ere this I would haue taught thee to vſurpe
Vpon our confines; but what they omit,
Here are both armes and legges to ſee perform'd.

1. Sirrha ſtand back, know'ſt thou what manners is?
To preſſe ſo neere the perſon of our Generall?

Mer. I am a Souldier, wherefore may I not?

1. Shall euery common ſouldier at a time
When ſerious matters are determind on,
Betwixt both Armies, impudently thruſt
Into the ſecrets of his Prince? hand backe.
2 Lay hands vpon the villain, ſee within his fiſt,
A naked poyniard.
Eper. How now countreymen,
What vnexpected mutinie is that?
Her. A plague vpon't, don *Vgo* hees diſcouerd.
1. Some treaſon as it ſeemes my noble Lord,
This baſe companion ſince you firſt began
To ſit in parlie, hath at ſundry times
Saucily preſumde to vndermine your talke,
And being reprehended for the ſame,
We found this dagger hid within his ſleeue.
Eper. Doubtleſſe he meant to murder me,
Now God be thanked I haue ſcapt his hands.
Her. Liſt *Epernoune*, he is a man of mine,
Touch not a haire of him, leaſt for that haire
I ſend a hundred thouſand of your ſoules
To dwell in darkeneſſe.
Eper. How? A man of thine?
Vnleſſe I be deceiu'd I know that face,
It is the Traitor *Mercury*, diſguiſde.
Her. *Mercury* my foe? had I but known ſo much
I would haue made him ſure enough ere this,
But *Epernoune*, marke what I ſay to thee,
If thou wilt redeliuer to my hands
That iugling Duke, as I am Gentleman
And true to Spaine, I will depart your land.
Eper. Deliuer him? not for the wealth of Spaine.
Nor for the treaſure you doe yearely bagge
From both the Indies: but *Medyna* ſay,
What reaſon mou'd thee terme the Duke thy man?

And

And wherefore didſt thou mention redeliuery,
As though ſometime he had beene in thy hand?
Her. Ile tell thee, *Epernoune*, as I am Knight,
Not ſweruing from the truth in any point,
And keeping faith accordingly reward
His traitrous purpoſe, which is all I craue.
This morning he was brought vnto my Tent,
Where being admitted, openly he ſhew'd
How he had been diſgrac't and wrongd by thee,
For which he promiſ'de if I would conſent
In this dayes parly he would murder thee.
I ſeeing his reſolution, was perſwaded:
And promiſing, I needs muſt ſay, reward,
Though I do know when he had done the deed,
How I was minded to haue dealt with him,
He thruſt himſelfe amongſt thy followers,
And what the perill is you ſee your ſelues,
But all this while I knew not who he was,
More then a priuate diſcontented perſon,
For if I had, the wretch had neuer liued
To be an eye-ſore to his countrymen.
1. Oh bloudy practiſe, Souldiers ioyne with me,
And we will teare him peece-meale with our hands.
All the reſt, Agreed: let him not liue a minute longer.
Eper. Pacifie your ſelues, not one of you
On paine of our diſpleaſure once offer
To touch a limme of him. Ingratefull Duke,
Wherein hath *Epernoune* deſeru'd thy hate,
That thou ſhould'ſt baſely ſeeke to murder him?
But wherefore aske I that? when tis well knowne,
Thou didſt as wrongfully purſue the life
Of noble *Lodwick*, that true Gentleman.
That very map of honorable carriage.
Amend, amend, be ſorry for thy fault,
That though thy body periſh by the law,

Thy wretched ſoule may haue a place in heauen.

Mer. Tell not me, *Epernoune*, of heauen nor hell,
I am a Peere or Regent of this Realme,
And thus you ought not to entreat a Prince.

All Soul. Thou Regent of the Realme? ſpeake that againe,
And we will ſlit thy weaſand with our ſwords.

Eper. Souldiers, forbeare.

Her. Nay *Epernoune*, ſhew iuſtice,
Vpon that caitiffe, that periured ſlaue,
That coward Duke, or here I do proteſt,
For euer I will ſpeake in thy diſpraiſe,
Reporting to the world thou art no Knight,
Nor worthy of the name of *Epernoune*.

Eper. My Lord, I may not take vpon my ſelfe,
To be his iudge, he is a Peere of *France*,
And muſt haue open tryall by his Peeres,
But when the King my maſter doth returne,
As ſhortly we are told he meanes to doe,
At his diſcretion be his puniſhment.
Meane ſpace *Medina*, I can do no more,
But ſee him ſafely kept in Iron bands.

Her. Now, that as thou art Knight, and for this day
I do proclaime a ſolemne truce with thee,
And not a ſword of ours ſhall hurt the French,

Eper. As I am Knight and leadgeman to the King,
He ſhall be kept in fetters till he come.

Her. It is inough: now backe vnto our Tents.

Eper. And we vnto the City whence we came,
And for our ſafety, praiſe *Iehouas* name.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Villiers *the Merchant, with* Oriana *and* Diana.

Oriana. How ſhall we, gentle Sir, requite the grace
Which in ſo great neceſſity we finde
At your kind hands? but with our dayly prayers,
Implore the heauens for your proſperity?

Dia. Which we will neuer ceaſe to do, ſo long
As life remaines in our diſtreſſed bodies.

Vil. Theſe words are needleſſe, what I do to you,
The duety of a Chriſtian bindes me to.
Remember then the promiſe you haue made,
That if your husband liue not, whom your ſelues
Do verily imagine to be dead,
That then you are my wife.

Oria. That promiſe I will keepe
Vnfeignedly, with hearty thankes to heauen,
That if my husband do not breathe this life,
My miſery yet ſorts me at the laſt
A ſecond choiſe, ſo louing and ſo kind.

Dia. And I right willingly ſhall call him Father,
That in ſuch vertuous ſort reſpects our neede,
Without impeachment of our honeſt fame,
Debarring wicked luſt to blot the ſame.

Vil. When I do otherwiſe then as beſeemes
The reputation both of your ſelues and me,
Conuert your loue to me, to deadly hate,
And may all tongues condemne me with reproofe.
Come in then, take poſſeſſion of your owne:
My lands, my houſe, my goods and all is yours,
Only my ſiſters portions, which I haue,
Vpon our troth-plight vow of marriage,
(If ſo your husband liue not,) ſet apart
And ordred in a readineſſe for her.
Come louely mother, and thy vertuous child:
When angry ſtormes are paſt, the heauens ſmile. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ferdinand, Odillia, *and* Lodwicke.

Odil. Thus *Ferdinand*, I ſee that we muſt part.

Ferd. Our needy ſtate enforceth it ſweete heart.
Odil. Will you to *France?*
Ferd. To *France.*
Odil. And to the warres?
Ferd. To my aduancement, war muſt be the meane,
I cannot digge, I haue no handy-craft:
Our coyne is ſpent, and yet I cannot craue,
And thought of want, your want doth wound my ſoule,
When I conſider what you are.
Odil. O peace,
What am I but the wife of *Ferdinand,*
By loue and faith vnto thy fortunes bound?
O let me follow thee to thoſe French warres.
Ferd. O prize your honour and my credit more,
Were it conuenient we would not deuide:
But as it is, I muſt goe, you muſt bide.
Odil. So ſayes diſcretion, but true loue repines,
That want ſhould ſeuer thoſe whom he combines:
But pardon, ſweete, my ſpeech is ſpent in vaine,
You muſt depart, when will you come againe?
Ferd. Soone, if ſucceſſe do anſwere my deſire.
Odil. Youle write to me?
Ferd. As oft as I can ſend.
Odil. Youle leaue me heere?
Ferd. With this aſſured friend,
Whoſe kindneſſe in abundance we haue found.
Lod. Alas, good ſir, my meanes are weake, ye know,
In ſooth I am no richer then I ſhow:
Were wiſhes wealth, your want ſhould be ſupplide,
And haue no power your perſons to deuide:
For I proteſt, in all my life before,
I ne're ſaw two whom I affected more.
But this addes waight to mourners leaden griefe,
Words may bemoane, but cannot giue reliefe.
For part you muſt, extreinity to ſhunne.
In warres is wealth and honour to be wonne.
Odil. And fame, and death, and then am I vndone.
Lod. Why, death dwels here, you ſee my dayly trade: For

For men of peace how many graues are made?
Your ſpowſe with wealth and worſhip may returne,
And bring you ioy that at his parting mourne.
Hope ſo, and hinder not his good intent,
That for his honour, and your welfare's meant.
O that my cottage where ye muſt remaine,
Were (for your ſake) the glorioufſt houſe in *Spaine*:
But as it is, your owne it is, and I
Your poore poore hoſt will tend you carefully.
But I am tedious in perſwaſion,
And you foreſlow the preſent times occaſion.
Odil. O do not mount him on the wings of haſte,
That goes too ſoone.
Ferd. Deareſt, mine houre is paſt,
You gaue me leaue to goe, reuoke it not,
By lingring here theres no good fortune got.
Odil. Youle weare my fauour?
Ferd. Elſe let heauen hate me.
Odil. Farewell, ſweete heart.
Ferd. Deare Loue, God comfort thee.
Father, I leaue my Iewell in your hand. *Ferd. is going.*
Lod. I will be carefull.
Odil. Sweete heart, *Ferdinand.*
Ferd. What ſayes *Odillia?*
Odil. Nothing but God-buoy ye. *Exit Ferdinand.*
Lod. Such loth farewell my wife and daughter tooke:
God bleſſe them both, and ſend vs well to meete.
Take comfort Lady, though this houre, be ſad,
His ſafe returne with wealth may make you glad.

Enter Sir Nicholas *and* Bunch: *Sir* Nicholas *hath a paper in his hand.*

Ni. Sextõ, I haue ſought thee in euery ſeat in the Church, doubting thou hadſt bin drowſie, & faln aſleep in ſom piew.
Bunch. Ile beſworne from the Chancell to the Belfrey ye haue ſought him, and in the Steeple, for feare he had beene crept into a Bell, and been aſleepe: Lord, how do you miſtreſſe? fie, why do you weepe?

Ni. Faire Lady, let paſſe mourning for the abſent; tis like ſorrowing for the dead: either Idolatry or Hypocriſie, I cannot tell which: I could preach patience to ye, but your owne wit is as much as my learning: your husbands abſence you muſt beare; yea and beare him alſo; in mind I meane: there be but three things that ſaue vs or condemne vs: that is, thoughts, words, and deeds: and you may haue comfort in all, and ſo be ſaued in them all; your owne good thoughts, a good comfort: your friends good words, a better comfort: and your husbands good deeds at his returne, the beſt comfort. Thus much for inſtruction. Command my ſeruice day and night, to ride and runne, to doe ye good.

Odil. So Maſter Vicar, I am glad ye haue done.

Ni. For this time and place I haue, becauſe I haue ſomwhat to ſay to my Sexton: here's a thing in writing (Sextō) that is ſent to be publiſhed through al the French Kings dominiōs. Read it, let me heare it, and then thou ſhalt know my mind.

Lodwick *readeſ.*

To all Chriſtians, and eſpecially to the Kings Liedge-people, Lord *Epernoune* and the reſt of the French Nobility ſend greeting: whereas the thrice noble, and renouned Prince *Lodwick*, Duke of *Bulloigne*, was by the Kings Maieſtie (at his departure to goe on his deuoted pilgrimage to the bleſſed Sepulchre) appointed Ioint-gouernour, Regent, & Protector of the Realme of *France*: together with that pernitious Arch-traytor *Mercury*, Duke of *Anion*, during the Kings abſence: And that the ſaid noble Duke of *Bulloigne* was by the trecherous, vniuſt, and vnlawfull Force of the ſaid *Mercury*, expulſed out of his Dukedome, Lands, Territories, and Reuenewes, and diſpoſſeſſed of his place, if not of his life. For as much as the ſaid notorious malefactor *Mercury*, hath ſithence proued himſelfe an open enemy vnto his natiue Countrey and King: We haue thought good to publiſh and proclaime, that whoſoeuer can bring true notice of the ſafety and life of the ſaid Duke *Lodwick* ſhall haue twenty thouſand Crownes. And he that doth preſent him aliue, ſhall haue fifty thouſand Crowns. To the end that the ſaid

moſt honorable vertuous Duke may bee fully repoſſeſſed and reſtored to all his Lands, Liberties and places of authority in this Realme of *France*. Dated the laſt of May, &c. Subſcribed by *Epernoune* and other.

Ni. By my holy orders thou art as well worthy to be a Vicar as my ſelfe, thou readeſt ſo well: I prethee ſoone at Euenſong read this to the Pariſhioners, I cannot be there, for I haue promiſed to bowle a match with good fellowes this afternoone at *Guynes* for a wager, wet and drie: vz. two gallons of *Gaſcoyne* wine, and two French Crowes: I can ſtay no longer, I feare they ſtay for me.

Bunch. By this light I neuer ſaw him make ſuch haſte into the Pulpit.

Lod. Heare me one word, good maſter, ere ye goe,
And grant me one Petition which is ſhort:
All theſe French Crownes I dare aſſure mine owne:
For I do know where that poore Duke remaines,
And will preſent him to old *Epernoune*.
My ſute is, that youle take this honeſt *Bunch*
To be your Sexton whilſt I am away.

Ni. I am content, giue *Bunch* the Church-doore key,
Vpon condition thou wilt ſay
Euen-ſong to the Pariſh this afternoone,
And read that Publication to them.
Then go thy way to morrow if thou wilt:
Lord, how time paſſes: In my conſcience I burne day-light,
Tis one a clock at leaſt. Fare ye well, fare ye well,
I come yfaith Lads, I come, though I come late,
I hope to lie as neere the Miſtreſſe as any of ye all. *Exit.*

Bunch. Well, I ſee I ſhall haue your office, and I truſt youle beſtow your ſpade and your pick-axe vpon me, that I may grinde them ſharpe, to diſpatch a graue quickly. And I pray you as ye trauell vp into high *France*, ſend the plague and the pox, and as many diſeaſes as you can, downe into this Country to kill the people, that I may get money for their graues making.

Lod. Heere take the key, and toll to Euening prayer.

Ile do my maſters bidding ere I go.

Bunch. Sancti amen, God giue me ioy and luck in mine office. Now boyes, beware that ye wipe not your noſes on your ſleeues, for and ye do, off goes your arme with the Church doore key. And dogs, keep out of the Chancell, ye ſhal ſmell of the whip elſe. And honeſt Prentiſes, if ye pleaſe me, Ile not ring the foure a clock Bell till it be paſt fiue: an occupation and an office? now I ſee I ſhall thriue. *Exit.*

Oria, And will you goe and leaue me here alone,
My onely friend, now *Ferdinand* is gone?

Lod. Aske of your thoughts if they can counſell keepe:
Which if vpon your honour you aſſure,
You ſhall partake a ſecret very ſtrange.

Odil. My faith and honour be engag'd for it.

Lod. Exterior ſhowes expreſſe not alwayes truth,
Nor do imaginations euer faile:
My Sextons caſe doth clowde Nobilitie.
And (if opinion do not reaſon wrong)
Rich noble bloud flowes through your pure cleare veines,
Which conceit drawes theſe ſecrets from my ſoule.
That fortunes ſcorne, that ſorrow-toſſed Duke
Lodwick of *Bulloigne* tels this tale to you,
That can conceiue, conceale, and counſell mee.
Say Lady, (for I know you are no leſſe)
Haue I not cauſe when Proclamation tells,
That *Lodwick* ſhall receiue redreſſe of wrongs?
To claime the due that therevnto belongs?

Odil. Great cauſe, my Lord, and I to be content,
In this poore Coate to reſt me patient,
Vntill my husband come or ſend for me.

Lod. O, had theſe tidings come ere he had gone,
Then he nor I had trauelled alone:
For Lady, I affirme it conſtantly,
I loue the Gentleman religiouſly,
Which in my bettered fortunes he ſhall find,
And then to you I purpoſe to be kind;
Then what you are ſpeake freely your faire mind.

Odil.

Odil. *Emanuel* Duke of *Brabant* cald me child,
Till him for loue my *Ferdinand* beguild.
Lod. I ſaid and knew ye were no vulgar Dame,
For ſparkes of honour will burſt into flame:
Hapleſſe *Odillia*, but moſt fortunate,
Compar'd with my poore wiues and daughters ſtate.
Odil. Where be thoſe Ladyes? let me them attend.
Lod. O knew I where, all griefe were at an end:
I heare, that London is their manſion place.
Odil. But ſhall they not be ſent for by your Grace?
Lod. Not yet *Odillia*, firſt Ile viſite *France*:
Where if good ſtarres my ſtate do readuance,
And grant me power to free my natiue ſoyle,
From thoſe that now her wealth and beauty ſpoyle:
I may with comfort then call home my Ioy,
Till then, their ſight will but reuiue annoy.
Odil. What can you prize ſo highly as their ſight?
Lod. Women diſcerne not mens affaires aright:
I prize mine honour, and my countreys good,
More than wife, children, or my proper bloud.

A Bell tolls within.

Harke, the Bell tolls; the Sexton I muſt play
By promiſe once: to morrow Ile away.
Let me receiue ſome token at your hand,
That I may carry vnto *Ferdinand*:
And this forget not, for a finall end,
To come to vs, if we for you do ſend.

Exeunt.

Enter Epernoune *brought in in his chaire.*

So from this place I ſhall behold the fight
Betwixt both Armies: now go one of you,
And with our Leaders preſently giue charge,
The other ſtay with me: Oh might the ſight
Of *Epernoune*, be like the noone-tide Sunne,
With the reflection of his feeble eye,
To melt like waxe the courage of our foes,
And make the French men ſtiffe as Adamant:

Then

Then could my heart excuſe mine idle hands,
That they beare not a part in that conflict.
But now defiance from each partie flies.

Sound Trumpet firſt.

Enter Ferdinand *purſuing* Don Vgo,
cutting him ſoundly.

A valiant Gentleman what ere thou art,
And by mine honour very nobly fought:
I haue not ſeene in all my life before,
So young, a tender, and effeminate face,
Father ſuch rough and manly fortitude.
How like a waighty hammer did his ſword
Fall on the Spaniards ſhrinking burgonet?
That had he not betooke him to his heeles,
This houre had beene his lateſt houre of life.

Alarum.

Enter Ferdinand *againe, purſuing* Don Hugo.

What, ſtill in chace? he will not giue him ore
Till he hath ſlaine or made him yeeld I ſee:
A right begotten cockrell of the game.
Whence may he come? as I remember me,
I neuer ſaw him in our campe till now.
I prithee goe range through our battaile rankes,
And when you ouertake him, gently craue
He will vouchſafe to come and ſpeake with me.
My heart's enamourd on his valorous deedes.
Spaniard, ſome more of ſuch a haughty breed,
Would make the ſtouteſt of your hearts to bleed.

Enter Ferdinand.

And here he comes faire bud of Chiualrie.
Welcome to *Epernoune*, giue me your hand,
I thanke you euen with all me very heart,
For this good ſeruice you haue done to day.
Are you of *France*, I pray you, or what place
Is honourd by your noble Parentage?

Fer. I am (my Lord) the Duke of *Brabants* ſubiect,
A younger brother, whoſe inheritance

Is little more then what his ſword ſhall purchaſe,
And for that cauſe, admoniſht of theſe warres
Betweene the haughty Spaniard and this Realme,
The noble *Burbon* gaue me entertaine.
Eper. Are you his ſouldier? truſt me, for his ſake
I loue you better then I did before,
And for ſome confirmation of my loue,
Take this in earneſt of a greater good.
Ferd. I humbly thank your Lordſhip, and wil reſt
A faithfull ſeruitor to *France* and you.
Eper. Nay, ſtay a while, refreſh your weary limbes,
A little intermiſſion will do well,
Amidſt theſe ſweating garboyles: holy roode!
There runnes a thought into my labouring mind,
Which from my heart ſends gladnes to mine eyes.
Me thinkes the more I view this Gentleman,
The more he doth reſemble *Bulloignes* Duke,
The vertuous *Lodwick* both for face and limbe.
When he and I were fellow-mates in armes,
Againſt the Turke, ſuch deedes of hardiment
Did *Lodwick* ſhew, as he hath done this day.
Euen ſuch a ieſture had he when he talkt,
As milde and affable in time of peace,
As he was ſterne and boiſtrous in the warres.
All theſe apparent in this towardly youth,
Earle *Lodwicks* want doth wet my cheekes with ruth.

A ſhoute within, enter a Souldier.

What meanes this cheerefull ſhoute?
Sol. My Lord,
The battell of the Spaniards is diſperſt:
Beſide, I bring to you this happy newes,
The worthy Duke of *Bulloigne* long deſir'de,
And much bewailed for his iniury,
Liues, and returnd about an houre ſince,
At his firſt comming, arm'd in complete ſteele,
Chaleng'd the Duke *Medina* at his Tent,
And there in ſingle combate like himſelfe,

And like a father of his countreys weale,
Hath ſlaine that proud diſturber of our peace:
For which the Souldiers as you heard, my Lord,
Did fill the ayre with their applauſiue ſhoutes:
Thronging about him in ſuch cluſtering heapes,
To ſee his face and do him reuerence,
As ſcarce he hath free paſſage to this place.
Eper. Oh that I had or legges, or wings to flye,
That I might quickly ſatisfie mine eye
With ſight of him whoſe companie's more worth
Then heapes of countleſſe and vnualued Treaſure!
But where's the other leader of that route,
Sunnam'd *Don Vgo*, is he ſcapte the field?
Sol. This Gentleman, before *Medina* dyed,
Gaue him his paſport to his longeſt home.
But my good Lord, I almoſt had forgot
The latter part of my behouefull meſſage.
There is a ſtranger Duke, of whence, my haſte
Suffered me not to be inſtructed,
That likewiſe came with aide vnto our Campe,
And is well knowne vnto my Lord of *Bulloigne.*
Eper. Now if I were incloſd within my graue,
I would as willingly forſake the world,
As wofull priſoners many yeeres deteind
In darke obſcurity, could be content
To change the dungeon for a publike walke.
But firſt let vs embrace our louing friend.
Sol. Your honour may ſit ſtill, he's comming hither.

Enter Lodwick, Emanuel *Duke of* Brabant *with Souldiers.*

Eper. Right worthy Duke, whoſe vict'ries euer ſhone
Through cloudes of enuy, and diſaſter change,
Make rich my boſome with imbalming thee,
And wherein ought reſtraines my faltring tongue,
Let vowes for words diſtinguiſh my content.
Welcome, oh welcome to vngouern'd *France*,
Whoſe working garment of afflicting warre,

Is now caſt off, and ſhe hath girt her ſelfe
In peaceſull robes of holiday attire,
And you, my Lord of *Brabant* as I thinke.
Bra. Your friend, Lord *Epernoune*, in what he may.
Eper. Welcome in ſooth, your preſence with the reſt,
Hath made me happy, and my countrey bleſt.
Lod. Theſe greetings, reuerend Earle, exceed deſert,
Had it beene *Lodwicks* fortune to haue done
Ten times more ſeruice then this dayes exployt:
It might not be ſufficinnt to redeeme
The lacke of his endeuors all this while.
But heauen and you, I hope, will pardon me,
Conſidering I was forc't from hence to flie.
Eper. I and moſt wrongfully inforc't, my Lord.
But he that was the author of that ill,
The traytrous Duke of *Anion*, by iuſt heauens,
Now at your mercy ſtands: one fetch him forth,
And *Lodwick* repoſſeſſed in the place,
Of that authority his Highneſſe gaue;
Iudge and condemne according as you pleaſe.
Lod. No, let him ſtill be priſoner where he is,
Your wiſedome hath diſcouered his abuſe
And our dread Soueraigne ſhall determine it:
Were it my wrongs were greater then they are,
I will not be a factor for my ſelfe.
Now, what is he, my Lord, of all his traine,
By whom our other enemy was ſlaine?
Don Ugo de Cordoua: faine would I
Know that braue Gentleman, and for the fame,
Adde ſomewhat more vnto his honourd name.
Eper. Therein, my Lord, I ſhall account my ſelfe
Much pleaſur'd by your Grace: and this is he,
My Lord of *Brabants* ſubiect as he ſaid.
Bra. My ſubiect? traitrous villaine how he lies,
But I will be reueng'd vpon his crimes.
What may I call your name, young Gentleman?
Ferd. My name is *Ferdinand*.

Lod. I know it well.
And little thinkes he, tis the Sextons hands
Draws forth a ſword to giue him Knight-hood here:
But I am glad it is my fortunes chance,
To be of power to ſhew him any grace,
Whom I admir'd, when firſt I ſaw his face.
Kneele downe, young *Ferdinand*, and now againe,
Riſe vp, Sir *Ferdinando*, *Lodwicks* Knight.
Bra. And riſe withall, baſe *Ferdinand*, falſe wretch,
Viler then puddle durt, thou ſpring of hate:
Neuer begot but of ſome dunghill churle.
Durſt thou auow thou waſt my ſubiect? durſt
That impious tongue pronounce my name,
Whom thou haſt moſt ingratefully incenſt?
Villaine more abiect then thought can decipher:
But I am glad that we are met at laſt.
Here in this preſence I do chalenge thee
Of moſt notorious fellony and theft:
Let me haue iuſtice on this fugitiue,
You Peeres of *France*, or elſe you iniure me.
Lod. What moues the noble *Brabant* to this rage?
Eper. Oh, wherefore ſtaine you vertue & renowne
With ſuch foule tearmes of ignomy and ſhame?
Bra. Vertue, my Lords? you guild a rotten ſticke,
You ſpred faire honours garment on the groond,
And dignifie a lothſome ſwine with Pearle.
This ſhadow of a ſeeming Gentleman,
This gloſſe of piety, deceiues your ſight:
Hee's nothing ſo, nor ſo, but one, my Lords,
Whom I haue foſtred in Court of almes.
And to requite my carefull indulgence,
Hath Iudas-like betrai'd his maſters life,
And ſtolne mine only daughter, to allay
The ſenſuall fire of his inkindled luſt:
For which, let me haue iuſtice and the Law.
Lod. You ſhall haue iuſtice, though I cannot thinke,
So faire a ſhape hath had ſo foule a forge.

Eper.

Eper. Alack the day, misfortune ſhould ſo ſoone
Diſturbe our friendſhip was ſo well begunne:
Come hither, *Ferdinand*, and tell me truth
If thou be guilty as the Duke enformes?
Ferd. I not denie, my Lord, but I am married
Vnto *Odillia*, though vnworthy farre
Of ſuch a gracious bleſſing: yet her loue
Was forward in the choiſe as well as mine.
Bra. See how he goes about to choake the fact
With loue and marriage? no, adultrous ſwaine,
Your hedge-betroathing couenant ſhall not ſerue.
Where is your ſweete companion, where is ſhe?
But we will talke of that another time.
Why, is my Lord of *Bulloigne* ſo remiſſe,
And will not preſently be giuen in charge,
A paire of bolts be clapt vpon his heeles?
Lod. Without offence, my Lord, vnto your Grace,
My ſelfe will vndertake to be his bayle,
And he ſhall anſwere, if you ſo be pleaſ'd,
Your accuſation, when you will appoint
A day of hearing; be it to morrow next.
Bra. And euen to morrow let this tryall be,
I will no longer haue the cauſe deferd. *Exit.*
Eper. And *Ferdinando*, in this time of need,
Old *Epernoune* will ſtand thee in ſome ſteed.
Good Duke of *Bullen*, vſe him kindly yet,
Whilſt I do follow this incenſured Lord,
And try if teares may driue him to accord. *Exit.*
Lod. Now *Ferdinand*, heres none but you and I,
Know you not me?
Fer. I cannot call it to my mind, my Lord,
That euer I did ſee your Grace till now.
Lod. Bethinke your ſelfe, looke better on my face.
Fer. There is, my Lord, with pardon be it ſpoke,
A man in *Ards*, a Sexton of a Church,
With whom I had acquaintance, he me thinks
Is ſomewhat like your Excellence, or elſe

I do not know where I haue ſeene your fauour.

Lod. The Sexton there is Duke of *Bulloigne* here:
Be not abaſht, twas I, to whom you left
Your faire *Odillia*, and tis I can witneſſe,
That you and ſhe are lawfull man and wife,
This may be ſome defence againſt the ſtreame
Of angry *Brabant*, that purſues your life.
Come, I haue ſent in priuate for the Dame,
And by all meanes to ſhield you both from ſhame. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Nicholas *with a Letter*, Odillia *with a Letter in her hand*, Bunch, *and* Nuntio.

Ni. And muſt we thus (faire Lady) forgo your ſweet cõpany?

Odil. You ſee, my Lord of *Bulloigne* ſends for me,
With him remaines my husband *Ferdinand*,
So you perceiue how much it me concernes,
To leaue this place, to better my eſtate.

Ni. I cannot blame a faire Lady, to leaue a bad thing to go to a better: my friend, thanke the Duke of *Bulloigne*, my quondam Sexton for his kind Letter. I may ſay that, ne're a Prieſt in *Picardy* can ſay beſide: that I haue had a Duke to my Sexton, be it ſpoken without pride.

Bunch. The Diuell yee ha? was he not my predeceſſor I pray ye? I was his quaintance afore he knew you, friend, doe my condemnations to him, one *Bunch* that booth'd in his Citie, ran away in his company, and dwelt where hee dwelt, with Dutch *Yacob Smelt*. And for my better grace, ye may ſay, *Barnaby Bunch* that has his Sextons place. Harke ye friend, you haue brought no diſeaſes with ye, haue ye? *Aſide.*

Nuntio. Why doſt thou aske ſo fond a queſtion?

Bunch. Marry, I ſpake to him when he went, to ſend the plague or the pox; or ſome diſeaſe of high *France* downe into this Lowe Country, to lay the men of *Ards* low, that I may haue money for their graues, and marry one of their wiues, if yee haue any ſurmitie about ye, as the ſtone, or the dropſie, the pip or the palſey, Ile giue you as much for it as any other, to haue it left in our (Pariſh.

Odillia. Will ye not write, Sir *Nicholas*, to the Duke?

Ni. To tell yee true Lady, a Letter of ſixe lines, is three dayes worke

worke for me. The Duke knowes my minde, as well as if I did write: if he haue a better Benefice or two for me, tell him I wil come.

Bunch. Then we come both, the Vicar and the Sexton.

Odil. Why *Bunch*, I thought you would haue gone with me.

Bunch. Truely not thus aduiſde, if ye had no husband, ſo: but hauing a husband, no, I can bee but well, and the hardeſt of my learning is paſt: I can ſay *Amen* without booke, chime two Bells at once, whip a dog with both hands, know the difference of the ſtroakes in tolling for men and women: greaſe the Bellropes, turne the clappers, ſweepe the Church, helpe the Vicar on with his Surpleſſe. All this I haue by roate yee may tell the Duke, as if I had beene bound prentice to the Trade: and for making a graue, come all *Picardy* for the price of my Pickaxe.

Odil. We ſtay too long, Sir *Nicholas*, farewell,
And farewell, *Bunch.*

Exeunt Odillia, *and* Nuntio.

Bunch. Hartily to you: pray ye condemnd me to your husband M. farting Androw.

Ni. *Ferdinando*, *Bunch*, thou mis-tookſt his name.

Bunch. So haue you done many a one in the firſt Leſſon, God forgiue ye.

Ni. Let that paſſe amongſt the reſt of my veniall ſinnes.
And tell me, *Bunch*, where's the beſt licker?

Bunth. At the Greene Dragon, gentle maſter Vicar.

Ni. Will the Dragon ſting?

Bunch. From the head to the heele,
He will ſting your braine ſo, that hee'le make your feete reele.

Ni. Let's go play for two pots, away *Bunch*, away.

Bunch. Then the Pariſh is like to haue no ſeruice to day.

Exeunt.

Enter Lodwick, Emanuel, Epernoune *in his chaire*, Frederick *with the Prouoſt and a Headſman.*

Bra. My Lord of *Bulloigne*, many things might vrge
Your ſpeed of Iuſtice, for ſo iuſt a wrong,
As the regard of your owne princely ſtate,

In

In caſe of him that is an equall Peere,
The right of Princes, which ſhould vnderprop
An honourable and direct reuenge.
I could perhaps ſay, were it not in Iuſtice,
The bloud of *Brabant* ſhould deſerue of *Bulloigne*:
But I diſrobe and ſtrip off all regard,
And lay my wrongs as nakedly before you,
As comes an infant borne into the world.

Lod. My Lord of *Brabant*, what I freely vrge,
Is not to ſtop or runne the courſe of Iuſtice,
Which muſt ſway all our actions, and muſt ſtand
Steady and fixed in one certaine point:
But onely by entreaty to your Grace,
To ſupple your proceeding in this caſe.

Eper. My Lord of *Brabant*, may old *Epernoune*,
By licence of my Lord, the Duke of *Bulloigne*,
Haue leaue to ſpeake, an old foole that I am,
By your good patience let me ſay my minde.
Now by my troth I cannot ſpeake for teares.
Alas, alas, theres ſomething I would ſay,
Now God helpe age, would I were in my graue.
Iuſtice may cut off *Ferdinand*, where is he?
O art thou there, poore man? alas, alas:
Iuſtice may cut him off, Ile not deny,
But turne him with his ſword amongſt his foes,
And he that buyes his life, ſhall buy it deare.
Alas, poore boy, would I could doe thee good:
Oh, to ſee him lead an Armie in the field,
Would make a man young, were as old as I.
I would thou hadſt dyed where I ſow thee laſt,
Euen in the midſt of all the Spaniſh Armie,
On that condition I had dide with thee:
God helpe, God helpe, an ill miſchance ſoon falles,
And ſtill the weakeſt goe vnto the walles.

Bra. Defer me not, my Lord, let me haue Iuſtice.

Lod. My Lord you muſt haue Iuſtice, that you know,
But yet my Lord of *Brabant*, might our loue

Rebate

Rebate this ſharpe edge of your bitter wrath:
With what an eaſie ſweetneſſe ſhould our iudgement
Be reliſhed of euery gentle heart?

Bra. My Lord of *Bulloigne*, vrge me not with pitie,
He againſt whom I am thus pitileſſe,
Rob'd me of pity: proceed vnto your iudgement.

Eper. God helpe, pity is baniſht from the earth I ſee,
Thou pitieſt none, nor no man pities thee.

Bra. Old man, thou doteſt.

Eper. Thou art a haughty Lord, I tell thee, *Brabant*,
The day hath beene thou durſt not tell me ſo.

Lod. Haue patience gentle father, true noble Lord,
He will haue death: whoſe there?
Command the Lady preſently be brought.

Lodwick *aſcends, the Lady is brought in.*

Bra. *Lodwick* of *Bulloigne*, is it not enough
Thou haſt delaide me in the caſe of Iuſtice,
But bringſt this hatefull whore into my ſight
To vex and grieue my ſoule? I tell thee, *Bulloigne*,
Thou wrongſt mine honour with indignity.

Fre. Ah, were it any tongue that calld thee ſo
But his *Odillia*, I would make that word
Hereticall and full of blaſphemy.

Bra. My Lord of *Bulloigne*, I will not abide her.

Lod. My Lord, you muſt abide her, ſince for her
You ſeeke the life of this young *Ferdinand*,
Sift lawe ſo ſtrictly, follow the offence,
Take all aduantage of your euidence.

Eper. Now by my troth a goodly wench indeede:
Alas poore Earle, faire Princeſſe, ſpeake thy mind,
And Ile ſtand by thy ſide, and yet I cannot,
Ah this whorſon age, well, well.

He weepes.

Bra. I will not heare her ſpeake.

Lod. All's one, my Lord of *Brabant*, we will heare her:
Speake freely, Princeſſe, and without controll.

Odil. Right reuerend Lord, if onely for my ſake,

My father ſeeke the death of *Ferdinand*,
I here acquit my husband of the fault,
Although I cannot of the puniſhment.
I was the thiefe, I was the rauiſher,
And I am onely guilty of the fact.
How like a robber did I lie in waite
With beauty to entrap his gentle youth?
And like a ſpirit when he hath walkt alone,
How was I euer tempting him to loue?
How with my fauour did I worke his breſt,
Which at the firſt was ſtubborne, Iron, cold,
Till I brought his heart to ſupple temper,
To take the ſoft impreſſion of affection?
With theſe allurements would I oft entice him,
Though thou be baſe, my loue ſhall make thee noble:
Though thou be poore, my power ſhall make thee rich:
Though thou be ſcornd, my ſtate ſhall make thee reue-
Let any of you all thinke with himſelfe, (renc'd.
Were he ſo meane, ſo friendleſſe, and vnknowne,
Wooed by a Virgin Princeſſe of my birth,
So young, ſo great, ſo rich as is my ſelfe:
Thinkes he, he would not do as he hath done?
Hee's guiltleſſe of the fault: I was the cauſe,
Let me endure the rigour of your lawes.

Fer. O thou doeſt wound my loue with too much lo-
Thy beauty is not prized but with death: uing,
That man hath not a ſoule, that would not die,
One houre t'enioy thy bleſſed company.

Eper. Nay, I muſt weepe out theſe poore eyes are left,
I neuer ſaw a cauſe ſo full of pity.

Bra. My Lord, proceede, the law adiudges death
To him that ſteales the heire of any Prince.
That's not a Prince that doth commit the act.
He is my ſlaue, one that was found by me
Being a child, not fully two yeeres old,
And as't ſhould ſeeme, begot in baſtardy,
And by the Parents to that wicked fruite,

Left in the Riuers ſegges, there to be drownd,
What time the warres in *Burgundy* fell out,
And that my Dutcheſſe periſht in the flight,
Nor neuer did I know what was his name,
Being ſo young, he could not tell the ſame:
Onely vpon his muckiter and band he had an F.
By which I did ſuppoſe his name was *Ferdinand*,
And ſo I nam'd him.

Lod. O bleſſed heauen, what ſound is this I heare?
My little boy was loſt euen at that time:
Iuſt of that age, and by that Riuers ſide,
Whoſe name was chriſtned *Frederick* by my Father,
And had an F. on euery thing he wore.
It is my ſonne: be ſilent yet awhile.
My Lord of *Brabant*, then I take exception
Both vnto your enditement and your plea.

Bra. As how, my Lord, of *Bulloigne*, do me iuſtice.

Lod. He is endited by the name of *Ferdinand*,
And I will proue him chriſtned *Fredericke*,
And thus is your enditement ouerthrowne.

Bra. It is a fallacie, my Lord of *Bulloigne*,
He hath beene euer called by that name.
Bulloigne, do me Iuſtice, or by heauen
It is not *France* ſhall hold thee, impious Duke.

Lod. Nay, if ye be ſo hot, my Lord of *Brabant*,
Then to your plea, that doth concerne him moſt.
The law is this, that he ſhall loſe his head,
That ſteales away the heire of any Prince,
If not a Prince that doth commit the rape.

Bra. So is my plea.

Lod. I grant, but void in this,
He is a Prince that ſtole away thy daughter,
This is not *Ferdinand*, but *Frederick*:
The heire of *Bulloigne*, and my onely ſonne.
Ah, my ſweete boy, ah my deare *Frederick*,
Here now I ſtand, and here doth ſtand my boy,
In Chriſtendome let any two that dare

Auerre it to the Father and the ſonne,
That he is not as great a Prince as *Brabant*.
Eper. Nay, Ile be one, any three what ere they be,
And *Brabant*, be thou one to anſwere vs,
Some honeſt man helpe me to *Frederick*,
For ioy I ſhall weepe out mine eyes.
Bra. *Bulloigne*, how doeſt thou know him for thy ſonne?
Lod. Why Couſin *Brabant*, you ſay you found him
Hid in the ſegs by the Riuer: euen at that inſtant,
And at the very place, the Dutcheſſe my deare ſiſter periſhed:
With whom my little boy was at that time,
The place, the inſtant, and his certaine age,
The letters ſet to ſignifie his name,
The very manner of your finding him
When you departed from me with your Armie,
In the purſute of traytrous *Mercury*.
Theſe all affirme that he is onely mine.
Bra. My Lord of *Bulloigne*, I embrace your loue,
In all true firme and brotherly affection:
I make your ſonne my ſonne, my daughter yours;
And do entreate in Princely curteſie,
Old griefe henceforth, no more be thought vpon.
Lod. Deare brother *Brabant*, your true princely kindnes
Doth but foreſtall, what I would haue requeſted.
Right Noble Prince, I giue you *Frederick*,
And I accept your ſweete *Odillia*.
Come, thou art now the Duke of *Bulloignes* Daughter,
Thy husband is the Duke of *Brabants* ſonne,
Thou ſhalt be now my care, my ſonne thy fathers.
Thus doe we make exchange betwixt each others.
Thus ſhould it be betwixt two louing brothers.
Eper. Nay, nay, let me be one, I pray you, Lords,
I haue no child left to inherite mine
When I ſhall die, as long I cannot liue,
I freely giue them all that ere I haue. *He weepes.*
Lod. A thouſand thankes, true noble *Epernoune*:
Brother of *Brabant*, *Frederick*, and faire Princeſſe,

Imbrace

Imbrace this noble Lord, and hold him deare.
All together. Our father, guide, and comfort we you call,
And be you euer honour'd of vs all.

Enter Villiers, Oriana *and* Diana.

Vil. Iuſtice, my Lord of *Bulloigne*, I beſeech you.
Bul. My friend, what is thy cauſe, then let vs know.
Sit downe, good brother *Brabant*, and the reſt.
Vil. My Lord, my ſute is here againſt a Widdow
That I haue long time ſu'd in way of marriage.
Bul. Let me with iudgement view this woman well. *Aſide.*
Stay, let me ſee, it is my *Oriana*,
And my poore *Dian*, my deare loued Girle,
Alaſſe poore ſoules, what woe and miſery
Haue ye endured ſince I left you laſt?
I will forbeare my knowledge, till I ſee
To what effect this cauſe will ſort vnto,
Tell on your caſe: of whence or whats your name?
Vil. I am of *Rochel*, and my name *Villiers*,
Lod. Of what profeſſion?
Vil. A Marchant I, my honorable Lord.
Oria. But though you be a Merchant, I beleeue
Here is ſome ware you muſt not deale withall.
Thinkſt thou, *Diana*, my deare Lord thy father
Will know vs in this Scampſters poore diſguiſe?
Dia. Madame, I know not, for much time is paſt
Since he at *Newkerk* parted with vs laſt.
She muſt be widow if the Merchants wife:
But by this match I think hee'll hardly thriue.
Lod. M. *Villiers*, you ſhall haue iuſtice ſir,
Speake in your cauſe, you haue free liberty.
Vil. My Lord of *Bulloigne*, thus then ſtands my caſe,
This Gentlewoman whom my ſute concernes,
Being embark'd for England with her daughter,
To ſeeke her husband as ſhe made report,
Twixt Sluce in *Flanders* where ſhe went aboord,
And *Goodwines* Sands by ſturdy aduerſe windes,
Was beaten backe vpon the coaſt of *France*,

And came to *Rochell*, where my dwelling is.
I taking liking of her, entertaind her,
Let her a houſe conuenient as I thought,
And lent her mony to ſupply her wants,
And afterwards wonne by affection,
I did ſollicite her in way of marriage,
But ſtill ſhe did deferre me with delaies,
Becauſe ſhe ſaid her husband ſtil did liue:
But for my kindneſſe, if her husband died,
She told me then I was the likeſt to ſpeed.
She hauing got ſome mony by her needle,
Deſired me to let her haue a Leaſe: (name
The Leaſe was drawne, to which ſhe put her
Widdow, which here her owne hand teſtifies:
Which being thus confeſſed by her ſelfe,
I by her promiſe claime her for my wife.

Lod. The caſe is plaine.

Oria. That he ſhall goe without me.

Lod. Lady, what way haue you to auoyd this bond?
Here is your hand ſet to confirme the deed.

Oria. But not my heart: and that I will be ſworne,
Heer's one I thinke, that hath had that too long
To leaue it now, or elſe I haue more wrong.
Vnto the Scriuener I referd the ſame,
And he put that word, widdow, to my name.
I humbly do entreate your Highneſſe fauour,
For if you knew where I had dwelt before,
I thinke you would do that for me, and more.

Lod. Speake, Gentlewoman, where haue you bin bred?

Oria. I was attending in my younger yeeres,
And this ſweet Girle, though now thus meane & poore,
Vpon the Dutcheſſe, the Dukes wife of *Bulloigne*,
Though I ſay it, one that ſhe loued once,
Whilſt ſhe did flouriſh in proſperity:
And had not fortune much impaird her ſtate,
I had not now ſtood in ſuch need of friends. *She weepes.*
But when the greateſt into danger falles,

The weakeſt ſtill doe goe vnto the walles.
Lod. Tis very true, that I haue tride my ſelfe;
Thy teares no longer can conceale my loue.
Riſe, *Oriana*, riſe my ſweete *Diana*,
Lodwicks true wife, and his right vertuous.
Imbrace thy loſt ſonne *Frederick* once more,
Whom we ſuppoſed neuer to haue ſeene.
With him receiue a daughter, *Brabants* heire,
He hath bene foſter-father to thy boy,
And both are here to full compleat our ioy.
Oria. My deare *Frederick*?
My beloued brother?
Fre. Oh happy *Frederick*, finding ſuch a Mother,
And ſuch a ſiſter, father, friends and all,
Neuer to man did better fortune fall
Lod. How ſay you M. Merchant? is your ſuite voyd
In lawe or no? is ſhe a widdow now?
Vil. No, my good Lord, and I reioyce thereat.
Lod. Thankes, but we will requite thy loue and kind-
Extended to them in neceſſity: (neſſe,
And our reward thou ſhalt haue liberally.
Enter a Meſſenger.
What newes with thee thou commeſt in ſuch haſte?
Meſ. His Highneſſe from his holy Pilgrimage
Is home returnd, and doth require your preſence.
Lod. That's but our duty, welcome is our King,
His Highneſſe now ſhall ſentence trayterous *Anion*,
According as his trecheries deſerue.
And all our ioyes ſhall be diſcloſde to him,
That haue ſo happily this day befalne:
Thus time the ſaddeſt heart from ſorrow calles,
And helpes the weake long thruſt vnto the walles.
Exeunt.

FINIS.

Visité 1617